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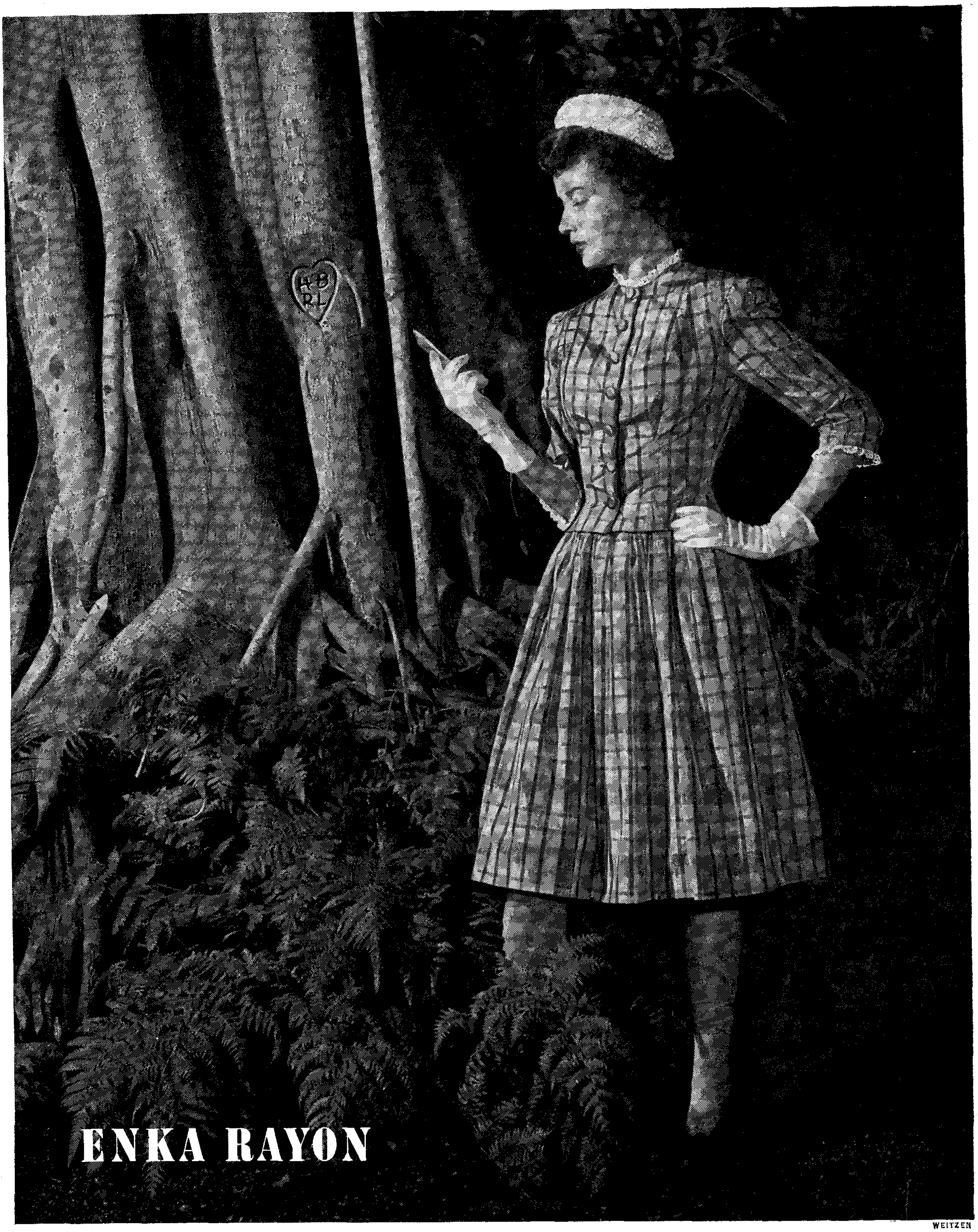

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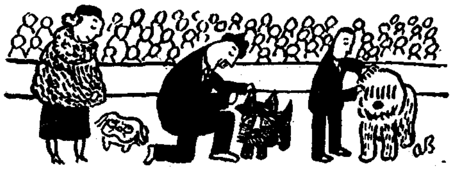
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20.**

## THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule has been somewhat revised because of Lincoln's Birthday. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**ANGEL STREET**—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**ASK MY FRIEND SANDY**—Roland Young back in a rather labored little comedy about a publisher who turns his money over to the government. With Mary Sargent, Norman Lloyd, and Phillis Avery. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**A BARBER HAD TWO SONS**—A fairly frantic melodrama about a thwarted Norwegian uprising against the Nazis. Blanche Yurka heads the cast. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**BLITHE SPIRIT**—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**COUNSELOR-AT-LAW**—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Not as topical as it once was, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**COUNTERATTACK**—An episode on the Russian front which might be a little more exciting if everybody was just a bit tougher. Morris Carnovsky and Sam Wanamaker play two Red soldiers; Barbara O'Neil is a beautiful Nazi nurse. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:45.)

**DARK EYES**—Three Russians descend on a Long Island household, with more or less comic results. Jed Harris has directed a cast which includes the co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, as well as Minnie Dupree, Anne Burr, and Oscar Polk. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE DOUGHGIRLS**—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields wrote the play and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**THE EVE OF ST. MARK**—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death on Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**JANIE**—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**JUNIOR MISS**—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**LIFE WITH FATHER**—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE PATRIOTS**—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. The statesmen involved are Raymond Edward Johnson and House Jameson. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**THE PIRATE**—S. N. Behrman being who he is, this costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 has its bright moments, but there are leisurely ones, too. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH**—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE THREE SISTERS**—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other fine players in a revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

**UNCLE HARRY**—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**WITHOUT LOVE**—Philip Barry's play concerning a marriage of convenience has its rather naïve political undertones, but otherwise it is bright enough. Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent head the Theatre Guild cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Feb. 13.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**THE MOON VINE**—Haila Stoddard, Vera Allen, and Will Geer in a comedy by Patricia Coleman. Staged by John Cromwell and produced by Jack Kirkland. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

### WITH MUSIC

**BY JUPITER**—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**LET'S FACE IT!**—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which has its coy moments but is generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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**NEW FACES OF 1943**—Leonard Sillman's latest collection of budding talent in a revue that is appealing but pretty amateur. John Lund, Tony Farrar, and Ann Robinson are probably the most promising of the newcomers. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**SHOW TIME**—A superior vaudeville show, supervised by George Jessel. Among the performers are Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. They are all very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS**—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**SONS O' FUN**—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

**STAR AND GARTER**—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except Feb. 11, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**THIS ROCK**—Billie Burke and Nicholas Joy in a comedy by Walter Livingston Faust. Staged and produced by Eddie Dowling. Opens Thurs., Feb. 18. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**STARS ON ICE**—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

**DANCE RECITAL**—Doris Humphrey with her company and José Limón in an all-Bach program: Fri., Feb. 12 (a British War Relief benefit), and Sun., Feb. 14, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

**SOCIETY OF AMERICAN MAGICIANS**—Hardeen and other sleight-of-hand artists up to their old tricks in a benefit for the society's relief fund: Sat., Feb. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call LE 2-4895.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**AMBASSADOR,** Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

**BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin is heading the ice show in the Bowman Room, where the music is by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Sophie Tucker pointing up a show against a setting of strictly Manhattan palm trees. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

**EL MOROCCO,** 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**LARUE,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**MONTE CARLO,** 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Elsie Houston is singing there now, and Sonny Kendis's orchestra plays for dancing.

**PIERRE,** 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

**PLAZA,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The show in the Persian Room includes John Hoysradt and, through Mon., Feb. 15, Carol Bruce. Bob Grant's orchestra plays for dancing. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

**ST. REGIS,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes'

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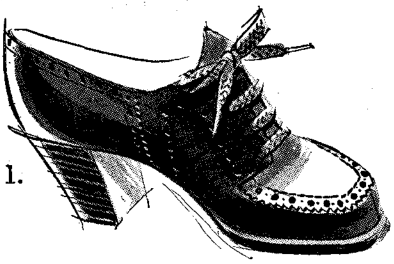

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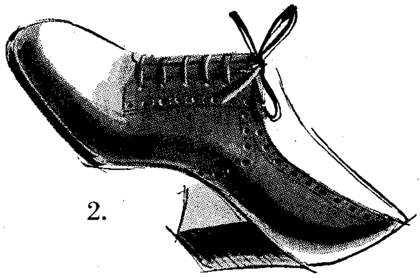

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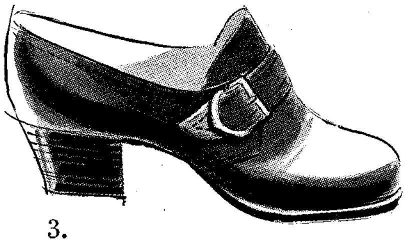

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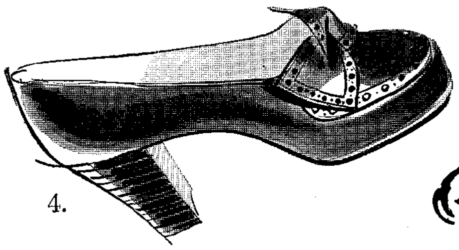

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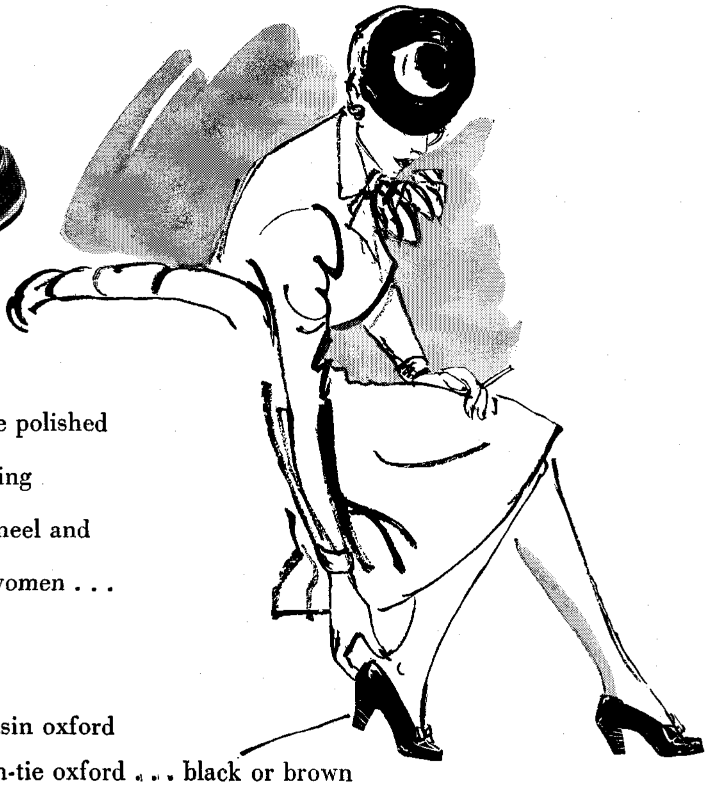

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20.**

orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Roy Ross's orchestra in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are carrying on in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour and Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Tito Guizar are there all evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

**SUPPER CLUBS**—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and some others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings those songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Libby Holman will be there through Wed., Feb. 17, and on the following night Paula Laurence will take over. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a log fire, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Emil Coleman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small spot with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): a fairly fancy one, with Don Maya's orchestra and a small show; tea dancing Sat. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show that, through Thurs., Feb. 18, will include Jane Pickens. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings and white palm trees designed by Russell Patterson, and a show headed by Benny Fields; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **MON PAREE**, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): not too close a resemblance to anybody's Paree, but there's Bill Glass's orchestra, a rumba band, and other entertainers. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): Ron Perry's orchestra and a dance floor no bigger than a jeep. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

◆

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with a show headed by Diosa Costello; Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

**MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers are there, and so are Ammons and Johnson and Georgie James's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Georg Brunis's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Red Allen's band, with J. C. Higginbotham and Coleman Hawkins.

## ART

**ABSTRACT**—At the **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: eleven painters, from Kandinsky to Mondrian, in a miniature survey of the European abstract schools. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 20. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: America's leading abstractionist, Stuart Davis, has his first one-man show here in nine years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: abstractions by Gottlieb, Golubov, and others. Tues. 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

**ART OF THIS CENTURY**, 30 W. 57—Paintings by Jean Hélion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

**ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE**—Big retrospective, celebrating the League's fiftieth birthday and including paintings from Eakins' day to the present; a Red Cross benefit: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

**ARTISTS AT WAR**—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: prize-winning paintings and a selection of others submitted in *Life's* competition for men of the armed forces. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25. . . . **HALL OF ART**, 24 W. 40: paintings and other sailorly art by members of the merchant marine. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 15. . . . **EGGLESTON**, 161 W. 57: water colors of ships and ports by George F. Heuston, an ensign of the United States Maritime Service of the merchant marine. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 15.

**FEININGER**—Two shows—one of his recent paintings and water colors (Buchholz, 32 E. 57; through Sat., Feb. 20), the other concentrating on his lighter productions (Willard, 32 E. 57; through Sat., Feb. 13). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

**FRANCE**—An unusual collection of paintings of scenes along the Seine, loaned for the benefit of L'Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

**GROSZ**—New oils and water colors: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

**GROUPS**—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: Feininger, Nordfeldt, Mommer, Drewes, and others show new oils. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints in the first exhibition by a new group called American Modern Artists. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 27. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: a midseason retrospective featuring, for the most part, younger artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 26. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Soutine, Lamotte, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 20.

**HARTLEY**—Forceful, authoritative paintings of Maine: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13.

**MATISSE**—Big retrospective show of his paintings, from 1898 to 1939: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82—The comprehensive "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—Realism and surrealism contrasted in a showing of works by American painters. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 21.

**O'HIGGINS**—Well-designed paintings of Mexico and Mexicans: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 15.

**PORTRAITS**—Eight oils by Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and others: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 20.

**POSTERS**—A large collection of French posters from the last war: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

**ROOD**—New sculptures in wood: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 17.

**ROSENTHAL**—Sympathetically handled paintings, mainly of Mexican subjects: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 6.

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8—Big memorial exhibition of sculptures by Gertrude V. Whitney, founder of the Museum. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

**HERE AND THERE**—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: early paintings by Preston Dickinson, selected from the Charles Daniel collection. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: new paintings by Saul Schary. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 11 E. 57: a retrospective show by Leonide. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: a memorial exhibition of work by Manievich. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 20. . . . **AMERICAN FRIENDS OF YUGOSLAVIA**, 11 W. 57: portraits and compositions by Milena, for the benefit of the Yugoslav Relief Fund. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 15. . . . **MORTON**, 130 W. 57: water colors of Washington State by Raymond Hill. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 20. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: three-dimensional paper caricatures by Jack Eisner. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: a colorful mixture of oils and gouaches by Maxim Kopf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: color aquatints by Rouault; also, drawings by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

COOKIE SPECIAL
MOTTO HEARTS
15¢ lb
SEND HIM A BOX
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## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—At **CARNEGIE HALL**, Barbirolli conducting: Thurs., Feb. 11, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 13, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 14, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Feb. 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 19, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist: Kreisler, Feb. 18-19.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Feb. 13, at 11 A.M. . . . **HOTEL PLAZA**: Philharmonic-Symphony League concert, Barbirolli conducting, Tues., Feb. 16, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-6900.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—At **CARNEGIE HALL**, Koussevitzky conducting: Sat., Feb. 13, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Feb. 14, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists, Marcelle Denya and Jennie Tourel.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Koussevitzky conducting: Thurs., Feb. 11, at 8:30 P.M.

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Ormandy conducting; soloists, Marjorie Lawrence and Friedrich Schorr (a benefit for the Grenfell Association of America): Carnegie Hall, Tues., Feb. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

**AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL**—New York City Symphony, conducted by Deems Taylor, Dean Dixon, and others (soloists, Alec Templeton, Beveridge Webster, and others): Hunter College Auditorium, 117 E. 68, Fri., Feb. 12, at 5 P.M. . . . Jam session, with Glenn Miller, Jimmy Dorsey, Bobby Hackett, and many others: Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34, Sat., Feb. 20, at 2 P.M. (For tickets for either concert, call WO 2-5600.)

**MUSEUM CONCERT**—Second program of the annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art (RH 4-7690), Fri., Feb. 12, at 3 P.M.

**NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION**—Barzin conducting; highlights, Roman Totenberg and the WQXR String Quartet: Carnegie Hall, Mon., Feb. 15, at 8:45 P.M.

**TOWN HALL MUSIC FORUM**—A chamber orchestra conducted by Daniel Saidenberg, with Aaron Copland at the piano, in a concert of works by Mr. Copland, which will be followed by a discussion of the music, led by Virgil Thomson and the composer: Town Hall, Wed., Feb. 17, at 8:30 P.M.

**NOTE**—More than five hundred historic European musical instruments from the collection of the late Mrs. John Crosby Brown have recently been put on display in the Morgan Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

### RECITALS

**TOWN HALL**—Fredell Lack, Fri., Feb. 12, at 8:30 P.M.; Ellen Ballon, Sat., Feb. 13, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin), Sun., Feb. 14, at 5:30 P.M.; Arnaldo Estrella, Wed., Feb. 17, at 3 P.M.; Alexander Brailowsky, Fri., Feb. 19, at 8:30 P.M.; Jan Kiepura, Sat., Feb. 20, at 3 P.M.

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—"La Forza del Destino," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 11; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., Feb. 12; "Boris Godunoff," Sat. Aft., Feb. 13; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Feb. 13; "Carmen," Mon. Eve., Feb. 15; "Die Walküre," Tues. Eve., Feb. 16; "Aïda," Wed. Eve., Feb. 17; "Tosca," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 18; "Boris Godunoff," Fri. Eve., Feb. 19; "Louise," Sat. Aft., Feb. 20; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Eve., Feb. 20. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

**ROSALINDA**—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

**SALMAGGI OPERA**—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat., Feb. 13; "La Traviata," Sun., Feb.

## *Call it Lightning!*

## – SAY THE PILOTS

NOBODY had time to name this Lockheed fighter plane when it was born. They just called it by a number, P-38.

Then the pilots sent it climbing over eight miles straight toward the stratosphere, up where even the highest-flying bombers couldn't go. They brought it screaming down out of the clouds like forked vengeance. They jammed down the throttle and it flew faster than any fighter ever flew before. They pressed the trigger-button and saw how *concentrated* fire-power from its cannons and machine guns could rip apart anything on wings—and there was only one name for it: *Lightning.*

So that's its name, a name it earned from British and American pilots alike, a name to watch: Lockheed *Lightning.* Lockheed Aircraft Corporation . . . Vega Aircraft Corporation . . . Burbank, California.

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# What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...

that he belongs to the
gallant army without banners
which shares with neighbors
in the true American way . . .
that tho' his mind is on the war,
he remembers to be gallant to *her*,
saluting her on St. Valentine's Day
*with "hearts" and flowers!*

that when he drinks a toast
to their romance
he chooses a whiskey
worthy of the occasion . . .
that his taste for the
"First in Quality"
leads him to Old Schenley,
*America's Mildest Bottled-in-Bond!*

AMERICA'S MILDEST
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
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NEW YORK, N.Y.
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*Straight Bourbon Whiskey — 100 Proof — This whiskey is 6 years old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City*

[TUNE IN! SCHENLEY'S "CRESTA BLANCA WINE CARNIVAL" WITH MORTON GOULD'S ORCHESTRA. REFER TO YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION]

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

14; at 8:30 P.M. (Mecca Theatre, 135 W. 55. CO 5-8838.)

## SPORTS

**Basketball**—Madison Square Garden, at 8:15 P.M.: N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame, and Manhattan vs. St. Francis, Sat., Feb. 13; L.I.U. vs. Norfolk Naval Training Station, and St. John's vs. Manhattan, Mon., Feb. 15; N.Y.U. vs. Temple, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Fordham, Wed., Feb. 17.

**Boxing**—Madison Square Garden: Ray Robinson vs. Jackie Wilson, welterweights, 10 rounds, a benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Fri., Feb. 19; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main bout at 10.

**Hockey**—Madison Square Garden—*Professional* games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., Feb. 14; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 18; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games: Sun., Feb. 14, at 1:30 P.M.

**Track**—Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat., Feb. 20, at 8 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Dog Show**—The Westminster Kennel Club's sixty-seventh annual event, this year a benefit for Dogs for Defense: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 11-12, from 9 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. (On Feb. 12, at about 9 P.M., there will be a demonstration of what Dogs for Defense animals can do after undergoing military training.)

**Comic Art**—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Fri., Feb. 12, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

**Scale Models**—Miniature trains, ships, airplanes, *and such in the annual show of work by members* of the New York Society of Model Engineers and other amateurs: 152 W. 42. Mon. through Fri., 5:30 to 10 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and holidays, 1 to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

**Masks**—Eighty examples from the Kenneth Macgowan collection, dating from prehistoric times to the present and arranged by Lee Simonson: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

**On the Air**—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., Feb. 12 and 19, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun., Feb. 14, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Sun., Feb. 14, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Boris Godunoff," with Kerstin Thorborg, René Maison, and Alexander Kipnis, Sat., Feb. 13; "Louise," with Grace Moore, Raoul Jobin, and Ezio Pinza, Sat., Feb. 20; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Ray Robinson vs. Jackie Wilson, Fri., Feb. 19, at 10 P.M., WOR.

**Auctions**—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, *30 E. 57*—Arms and armor from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, and tapestries, owned by Frank G. Schnittjer: Thurs., Feb. 11, at 2 P.M. . . . French and Italian eighteenth-century furniture, drawings by Goya, Constable, Whistler, and others, and decorative objects, owned by Mrs. E. John Heidsieck: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 12-13, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare books, including first editions, by American and English authors, owned by Mrs. Frank D. Stout and others: Mon. and Tues., Feb. 15-16, at 2 P.M. . . . Chinese porcelains, Persian and Turkish textiles, and early Syrian and Roman glass, from the collection of the late J. Z. Noorian: Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 16-18, at 2 P.M. . . . KENDE GALLERIES, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French furniture, music boxes, and objects of art, owned by Mrs. William Fox: Sat., Feb. 13, at 2 P.M.

**Note**—At midnight on Sat., Feb. 20, the sale of all canned and frozen vegetables and fruits and other foods that are to be rationed will be suspended until March 1, when the new point system goes into effect.

## MOTION PICTURES

**Air Force**—All the action, which is naturally plenty, seen by one imaginary bomber crew in the Pacific in December, 1941. John Garfield and Harry Carey, *among others. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)*

**The Black Swan**—Piracy and pretty clothes in a Technicolored adaptation of the Sabatini novel. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Feb. 12. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Wed., Feb. 17. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., Feb. 13-17. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 16-17.)

**Casablanca**—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains right in the middle of pre-Eisenhower North Africa. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

**Gentleman Jim**—The early career of James J. Corbett, portrayed by Errol Flynn in the best artificial boxing sequences Hollywood has come up with. He's O.K. out of the ring, too. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Feb. 12. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Tues., Feb. 12-16.)

**I Married a Witch**—An adaptation of Thorne Smith's novel about a weird wedlock. Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Feb. 12. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 12-15. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Fri. through Tues., Feb. *12-16.* . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 13-16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 15-17. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 16-18.)

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20.**

**Immortal Sergeant**—Not York this time, but a certain *British sergeant in the Libyan Desert.* Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, Maureen O'Hara. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

**In Which We Serve**—Voted the best picture of 1942 by the Film Critics' Circle, and with a certain amount of justice. It's the one about the British destroyer, by, and with, Noel Coward. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

**Life Begins at 8:30**—Monty Woolley as an actor who drinks and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Feb. 15. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., Feb. 17.)

**Moscow Strikes Back**—Documentary film from Russia, showing the causes of Germany's retreat last winter. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 16-17.)

**My Sister Eileen**—What can happen in a room in Greenwich Village when the subway's below you and the *sidewalk's just over your* head. With Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sun., Feb. 14. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 12-14. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 12-15. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 17-19.)

**Saludos Amigos**—A colorful, forty-five-minute Disney, featuring Donald Duck and others in South America. (Globe, B'way at 46; starting Fri., Feb. 12.)

**Shadow of a Doubt**—A Hitchcock, a bit under Hitchcock par but still scary, about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. With Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

**Yankee Doodle Dandy**—With Cagney as the late Cohan, this is a fine film of the great man's history. It's a beautiful musical show, too—the old songs fresh as ever to our ears. Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston are among those involved. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Feb. 17.)

### REVIVALS

**All That Money Can Buy** (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 17-18.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly *doings in* a medieval French town. Racy and French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., Feb. 11.)

**The Earl of Chicago** (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 14-15.)

**Fantasia** (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Wed., Feb. 17.)

**Gone with the Wind** (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Wed., Feb. 17.)

**Hold Back the Dawn** (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 16-18.)

**The Housekeeper's Daughter** (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon., Feb. 15.)

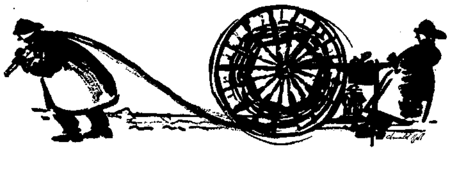
**Kings Row** (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 11.)

**KuKan** (1941)—That Rey Scott film of the bombing of Chungking. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Feb. 11.)

**The Maltese Falcon** (1941)—Dashiel Hammett's best-seller. Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 17-18.)

**Moontide** (1942)—Waterfront life on the West Coast. Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 12-15.)

**The Mortal Storm** (1940)—Hitler's effect on one German family. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 13-15.)



**Sous les Toits de Paris** *(1930)*—Best-known early René Clair film. French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 16-18.)

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 11-12: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), German film. SAT. AND SUN., FEB. 13-14: "The Student Prince" (1927), Norma Shearer, Ramon Novarro. MON. AND TUES., FEB. 15-16: "Sunrise" (1927), George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor. WED. AND THURS., FEB. 17-18: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), Russian film.

## CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

**Volunteer Work**—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI *7-1000.) The* C.D.V.O. *is prepared to* assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross and the American Women's Voluntary Services.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every fortnight receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for an eight-hour period each week; (5) men and women to take a short training course and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage; (6) women to take a two-week, part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. to act as spot workers on short-notice jobs.

**Salvage**—The government is still asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of explosives. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans *after cutting out both ends* and removing their paper labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save reach the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things. and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

**Suburbs and Country**—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking *guidance,* but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

**Donations**—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The 1943 Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the United Service Organizations, is under way, its aim being to get more than 10,000,000 volumes for servicemen both here and abroad. Western and mystery stories are particularly in demand. Borden and Sheffield milkmen are serving as collectors and donations are also being accepted by all public libraries. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, musical instruments, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen.

SCENE FROM THE WARNER BROS. MOTION PICTURE, "AIR FORCE"

# There's a new glamour girl in Hollywood

She doesn't wear sweaters, or pose for glamour photographs. She's never seen at night clubs. And though her autograph is well-known in certain French and German cities, nobody has ever *asked* her for it.

Yet Mary Ann — star of Warner Brothers' new picture, "Air Force"— passed every screen test with flying colors. And that's no more than you'd expect from a Boeing Flying Fortress!*

"Air Force" is the story of a Boeing B-17, and the gallant hell-for-leather crew that flew her to glory . . . *via* Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Manila, the Coral Sea and Australia. Made in collaboration with the Army Air Forces, it's a picture to make your heart skip a beat . . . then beat faster.

What the camera *doesn't* show is an invisible supporting cast: the Boeing designers and engineers, the technicians and researchers, the laboratory men and the craftsmen and workmen who originated the Flying Fortress and now keep a steady stream of B-17's and other war planes flowing from Boeing plants in Seattle, Wichita and Canada.

More than twenty-five different *kinds* of engineering know-how are represented by several thousand Boeing engineers. Daily they challenge the word "impossible," in a 'round-the-clock effort to do the job *better* in *less time.*

• • •

*Some day this effort will be applied to making life richer and happier, in a peaceful world. For Boeing engineering skill, while devoted primarily to the continued advancement of aeronautics, also encompasses resources relevant to almost every phase of civilized life.*

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE saw a bit in the papers one day last week about a fire in a theatrical warehouse on Thirty-eighth Street in which a large quantity of scenery belonging to the Shuberts was destroyed. We put this down as bald nonsense, the dream of some tinsel-eyed reporter. Shubert scenery doesn't burn and can't burn. We doubt if even one of the stalwart and vocal Mounties from Mr. Hammerstein's "Rose Marie," hacking away with an ax at the old Shubert tree in "Maytime," could do more than wrinkle it. Just as, at the Met, Valhalla can burst into flames half a dozen times a year and be found leaning against the back wall on Seventh Avenue an hour later, grimy but unscorched, so, mark our words, the "Blossom Time" tavern garden will be discovered intact in the warehouse once the smoke has cleared, along with a temple or two from "Sinbad" and every wing and backdrop from "The Passing Show of 1916." "The Student Prince," we learn from this week's *Variety*, was on tour at the time of the fire. It plays Chicago through February 13th.

THE Dies list of dangerous characters grows, and as it grows it becomes more and more like a roster of the founders of the Republic. Mr. Dies' complaint about his crackpots is that they have revolutionary ideas and tendencies—that is, they think about life in terms of change—which are, of course, just what our founders had, and just what the abolitionists had, and just what anybody has to have nowadays if he is not to be left behind in the biggest revolution of all. Even the Metropolitan Opera Association has gone revolutionary on Mr. Dies and is talking about removing the parterre boxes. We foresee that the Dies list will soon become a sort of bluebook of Americans, whose numbers will swell into the millions, leaving Mr. Dies and a handful of other witch-hunters staring into the shadows and thumbing through their nudists' manuals. We foresee that it won't be long now before we ourself make the charmed list. The *New Republic* has made it, and if that cautious little old rag can do it we can. Give *Vogue* another year or two of textile mills that are producing parachute silk and mosquito netting and they'll make it, too.

TO us, who sometimes throw the Sunday paper away long before we get to the real-estate and business-opportunities section, a ten-per-cent cut in the amount of newsprint available to newspapers doesn't seem any hardship. We're prepared to admit, however, that this may seem more serious to the newspaper publishers themselves, and so, in a spirit of friendly coöperation, we offer a suggestion for trimming their sails painlessly. We suggest that the press ignore birthdays. There is no duller news item than the announcement that some prominent citizen has had a birthday, and it's all the duller because, inevitably, the story goes on to say that the citizen in question "celebrated" it by doing a full day's work. We think it time that newspapers accept, with all its implications, the fact that nobody over the age of ten ever celebrates his birthday. "MacArthur Birthday Is Work As Usual," the newspaper headline said some days ago. Now, if the Allied General Staff had surprised the General upon his arrival at G.H.Q. the morning of his birthday by popping out from the decoding room and singing "Happy Birthday to You," if they had all closed up G.H.Q. and gone out for a big lunch, with paper hats, champagne, and a cake with candles on it, and if the General had afterward gone to a matinée—that would have made a news story. This way, no.

"WHEN the war ends," said an ad in the *Times*, "you will need to own a farm or plantation as never before." The advertiser suggested three thousand acres on the coast of Georgia, most of it formerly planted to rice, these days a havèn for wild ducks. "Create now an estate that will stand as a bulwark of safety against the vicissitudes of the future . . ."

This may well be a matter which is occupying many people's thoughts, for men, like ducks, are always searching for a haven. But to sell country real estate on a safety appeal seems to us to misrepresent the case. Ownership of land is still a pioneering adventure of major proportions; an estate is the very pattern of dangerous living. A city man, when he becomes the owner of a farm or plantation, is faced with two alternatives: he can restore the land to cultivation, exposing himself to a thousand hidden booby traps which he didn't know were there, or he can leave the land alone and live on the income from his investments and on wild duck—also a very hazardous sort of life. On the whole we approve of people rediscovering the land, if they are in earnest about it, and pitting themselves against the elements, but the new life should be presented for what it is, an adventure of incalculable danger. Anyone proposing to take on a plantation should go forewarned and with the full realization that he will find, in his run-out fields, as many vicissitudes as ducks.

THE people who used to fret about what was called "the tipping evil" may have thought they were annoyed merely because they weren't brushed off or handed into a taxicab for nothing; actually, they were fretted by a tiny share of the burden of guilt that lay over our prosperous city. We realized this when we read the Manpower Commission's announcement about the revised draft status of people in non-productive occupations, or people, to use the official wording, "non-deferrable regardless of the activity in which they may be found." It made us feel so good that we knew right away something had been wrong. Now, with a light heart, we hail the economic coming-of-age of all barboys, bellboys, busboys, errand boys, office boys, and newsboys. To all ex-bartenders, ex-beauty-shop operators, ex-dancing teachers, ex-night-club employees, ex-waiters, and others who had to smile at strange people when they didn't feel like it, congratulations! To all those who have been forcibly hauled from the calling of doorman, butler, elevator operator, movie-theatre usher, or any other occupation requiring the wearing of funny clothes and paper dickies, we say welcome to the society of well-dressed men. To bootblacks, porters, lavatory attendants, and all others whose income has hitherto been reckoned in unpredictable dimes and quarters, our advice about spending their war-work pay checks is simple and, we are sure, superfluous: at least ten per cent to the war effort, and never less than a dime.

## *Last Slicer*

WE got to thinking about unsliced bread last week and arranged to visit one of the local plants of the Continental Baking Company to check up on the situation. We were led in our exploration by Mr. MacNary, the plant manager, who took us into the warm interior of the bakery and a gratifying odor of fresh bread. He told us that of the six slicing machines in the plant, only one was functioning. Four have been dismantled and the fifth is held in reserve. We came upon the sole survivor and found it slicing Pullman bread, which comes in extra-size sandwich loaves. The slicer consists of a set of vertical knives moving rapidly up and down and is part of a long, low contrivance Mr. MacNary said was a wrapping unit. The operation of this was being overseen by four attendants. Loaves were fed automatically onto a belt at one end and were gripped by steel fingers which pushed them through the knives, releasing them just before the wrapping started. The bread wound up at the far end of the machine, wrapped in two layers of waxed paper, in baskets.

Mr. MacNary told us that when slicing at Continental started, in 1931, several years after the practice had originated in the Middle West, a machine would cut up barely fifteen loaves a minute. The model we were watching did three times that number, or around a hundred thousand loaves in a forty-hour week. Every week, for about a month, the blades, which have the wavy cutting face of a household bread knife, are resharpened; after that they're discarded, because each sharpening takes off a quarter of an inch of steel.

The dismantled slicers had merely been removed from the wrapping units, which, with slight adjustments, kept on working without them. Mr. MacNary showed us one of these, running along as contentedly as if it had never sliced a loaf in its life. He said that the purpose of the government directive which forbade the slicing of household bread (and regulated many other things in a bakery) was to cut down bakery costs so that farmers could be paid more for their wheat. We pointed out that four men were also in attendance on each non-slicing machine. There was no saving in labor, Mr. MacNary said, but a saving in waxed paper was effected, as unsliced bread can be singly wrapped instead of having to be doubly wrapped. Wax, he thought, was valuable to the war effort, too. He introduced us to one of the attendants, who has been on a slicing-and-wrapping unit since the start twelve years ago. He said he sorely misses the sound of the slicer but expects that he will get used to it. The public, Mr. MacNary said, seems to be resigned to the disappearance of sliced bread. Salesmen, he told us, are even bringing in reports of women who *like* to slice their own bread.

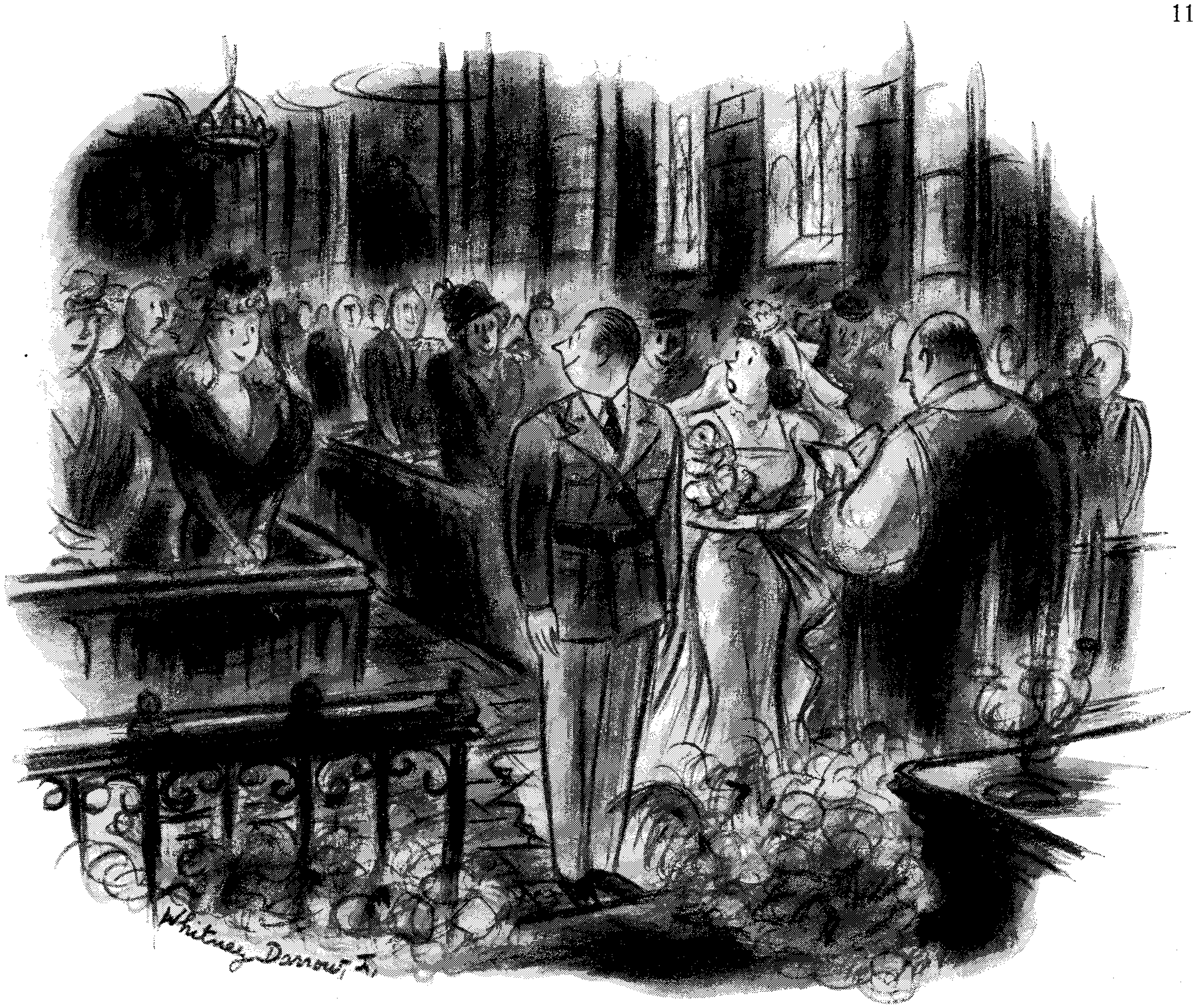
## *Engagement*

SEVERAL hundred midshipmen from Columbia were left standing in the snow outside the Hayden Planetarium the other day while their commanding officer conferred with somebody indoors. (Our guess is that all this had something to do with their learning celestial navigation, but that's only a guess.) Anyway, while they were waiting, some small boys began pelting them with snowballs. The midshipmen sustained several direct hits, and seemed in danger of being theoretically wiped out when the officer returned. Taking in the situation at a glance, he snapped, "Left face! Fire at will!" The foe retired in bad order.

## *Go*

THIS week's know-your-enemy topic is the Japanese game of Go, which we understand fascinates the little rats more than anything except expansion in the Pacific and, in fact, may well have given them the expansion idea to begin with. Perhaps we should have called it the Chinese game of Go, since, like a good many time-honored Japanese institutions, it was borrowed from the Chinese. Their name for it is Wei-Ki. Conflicting legends attribute the invention of the game to the Emperor Shun (2255-2206 B.C.) and to a fellow named U (circa 1700 B.C.). It seems pretty clear that the Japs never even heard of it before the eighth century A.D., when it was brought to their country by their ambassador to China, and then it was well onto a thousand years before it caught on as a popular game. In the seventeenth century enough people began playing it for there to be a champion. His name was Hon-im-bo, and ever since (such is the Japanese mind) the current Go champion of Japan has been called Hon-im-bo.

These days Go has some ten million followers in Japan. There are Go professionals, or masters, who might be compared to our golf professionals: they play exhibition matches, help rich men brush up on their game, and usually work into some sinecure which pays them comfortably. There are probably about three hundred masters of the first, or lowest, class, and at the last report received here, the ninth, or highest, had no incumbent; there have been only nine incumbents in the past three hundred years, and only nine in the eighth, or light-heavyweight, class. The last ninth-degree man, now dead, defended his title against an eighth-degree player ten years ago—successfully, in spite of his being so scared by the challenger's opening move that he requested the game be adjourned for a day. The present Hon-im-bo is not ninth-degree.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Ralph, please!"*

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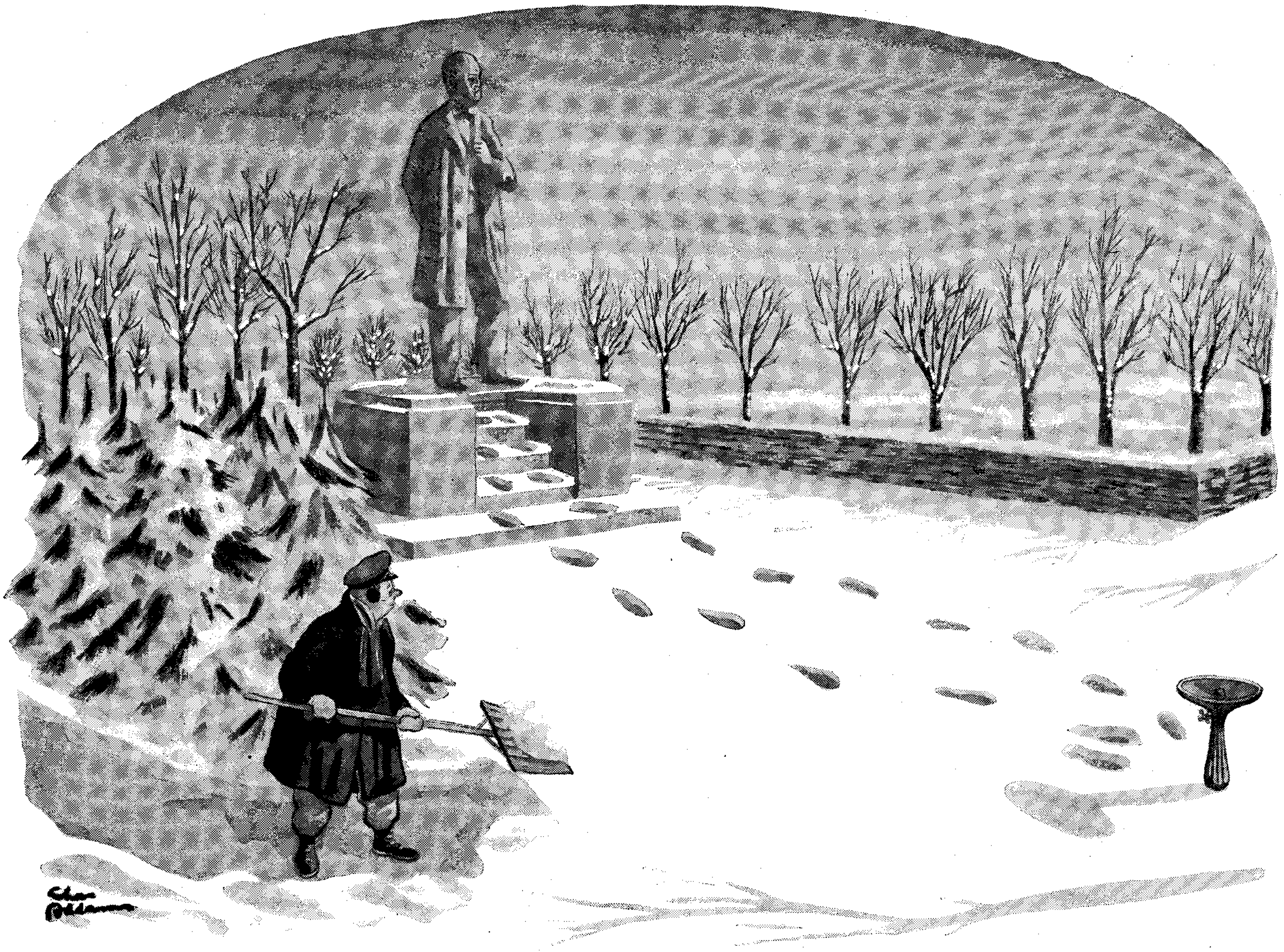
Until Japan got into the war (we don't know how it is now), whenever Hon-im-bo played scoreboards were put up in bars, hotel lobbies, and on street corners and the Japs stood around gawking, for all the world like their Occidental superiors watching the World Series on scoreboards before the days of radio.

Until seventy years ago a Jap had to graduate from a sort of Go academy before he could get a commission in the army or navy. Even now it's a favorite game among army and navy men, and has been taken up to some extent by the Germans. We've heard it said that for several years international Go games have been an important part of the German-Japanese entente and that sometimes German soldiers are recalled from important duties to participate in Go tournaments. We've seen Go pamphlets, published in Japan, which are annotated in both Japanese and German. Some people find a close parallel between Go strategy and military strategy, the principal point of resemblance being that in either you're concerned with surrounding and capturing men. A Go board has nineteen vertical and nineteen horizontal lines. The Go men are moved to the intersections, and, once placed, stay there unless captured. The idea is to surround as many of your opponent's men as possible while he's trying to do the same to you. The Japanese are supposed to have a saying that it takes five minutes to learn the game and thirty years to master it, which certainly *sounds* like a Japanese saying.

Edward Lasker, the American chess master, prefers Go to chess any day. For one thing, he told us recently, the moves haven't become formalized, as they have in chess. He's undoubtedly the best Go player in this country, and maybe the best among the white race. However, the best in the world, in Lasker's opinion, is a young Chinese who was living in Japan when last heard of. This chap got so good about ten years ago that the Japs, unwilling to admit that anybody but a Jap could excel at Go, imported him and made him a citizen. When he showed signs of becoming a ninth-degree man, the Japs turned on him and he began to get threatening letters, after which his game understandably fell off a bit. So far as Lasker knows, he's still in Japan and still beating all the Japs at their national game.

## *Not for Just an Hour . . .*

WITH considerable reluctance, a young matron of Westchester put her small daughter, lately turned four, into a boarding school so that she could follow her husband to an Army camp in the South. When she left the girl at the school, she was careful to explain that she'd be back fairly soon. "Remem-



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ber, darling," she said, "I'll be back in just four weeks." The child nodded in a matter-of-fact way. A moment later, as the mother was tearfully preparing to go, the little girl asked, "Did you say four weeks or four years, Mummie?"

## *Apotheosis of Lakewood*

THE name of Lakewood, New Jersey, being on the lips of all red-blooded sports fans these days because the Giants are going to do their spring training there, we put on a pair of baggy pants, slung a pair of binoculars over our shoulder, and, thus disguised as a sportswriter, travelled down there. When we stepped off the train, what to our wondering eyes should appear but a reception committee composed of the mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and the executive secretary of the Lakewood Hotel Men's Association, respectively the Messrs. Curtis, Marian, and Zweben. This welcome had resulted from a simple advance call to the Chamber of Commerce. We thought there had been a misunderstanding about who was coming but found that they expected only us. "We want to express to someone the enthusiasm which has gripped this community ever since we received the grand news," Mayor Curtis said heartily. We were bundled into the Mayor's car, a big yellow job that uses no fuel except a clear distillate of civic enthusiasm, and were first driven to the forty-five-room hotel where the Giants will live. Mr. Marian told us that the Meadow Brook Club and the Westchester Country Club had also been under consideration by the Giants but had lost out. Lakewood, he explained, has a drier climate and a mean annual temperature ten degrees above New York's. "You get the picture of a throwing arm in dry air?" Mr. Zweben interrupted. "It's good for it, like balm."

The hotel is one of several pretty little places in Lakewood. It had a sign outside proclaiming it to be the Plaza. "We're having a new sign painted," Mayor Curtis said. "You know Mr. Brannick, the Giants' secretary—well, I'm not sure he knows this, but the new sign's going to read 'The Brannick Arms.' That should catch the eye of Giant and fan alike." We learned that the hotel has been taken over for the spring training season by the town and county authorities and is to be run as a non-profit enterprise, with Marian and Zweben in charge. "Mr. Marian and Mr. Zweben may be looked upon as enthusiastic supporters of the coming of the Giants," the Mayor said. "Enthusiastic, plus crazy with joy," Mr. Marian added. "No stone is left unturned. Here's the play: First the parade to the hotel, with scores and scores of horses and buggies, then oodles of entertainment—all free, except, naturally, as would be expected, they'd pay for their drinks." "Oh, naturally, they'd pay for their drinks," said Zweben. "*If* they drink at all," the Mayor added, a trifle cagily, we thought. This outlay for hospitality is expected to pay for itself in an increased number of vacationists, we gathered.

The diamond is two miles from the Brannick Arms, on the former estate of the late John D. Rockefeller. To be more exact, it's on the first fairway of old John D.'s private golf course, which looks like a putting green, only bigger. We motored over, but the Giants will ride in buggies. The Mayor told us that he had offered Mr. Brannick bicycles for the use of the Giants, but that Mr. Brannick had put his foot down. "He told me they'd fall off and skin their knees and elbows, and what good is a ball team with knees and elbows like that, or maybe a broken neck? No good," Mr. Curtis said. A crew of gardeners was hard at work on the diamond and some carpenters were fixing up showers and a dressing room in a garage. Mr. Marian called our attention to the trees surrounding the playing field. "Imported," he said. "Brought here on a boat, roots and all. Cost five hundred apiece. Imagine standing in five-hundred-dollar shade. That's what I call high-priced shade." "They won't find much to complain about," the Mayor said, and we couldn't see any cause whatever for disagreeing with him.

## *Summer Dress*

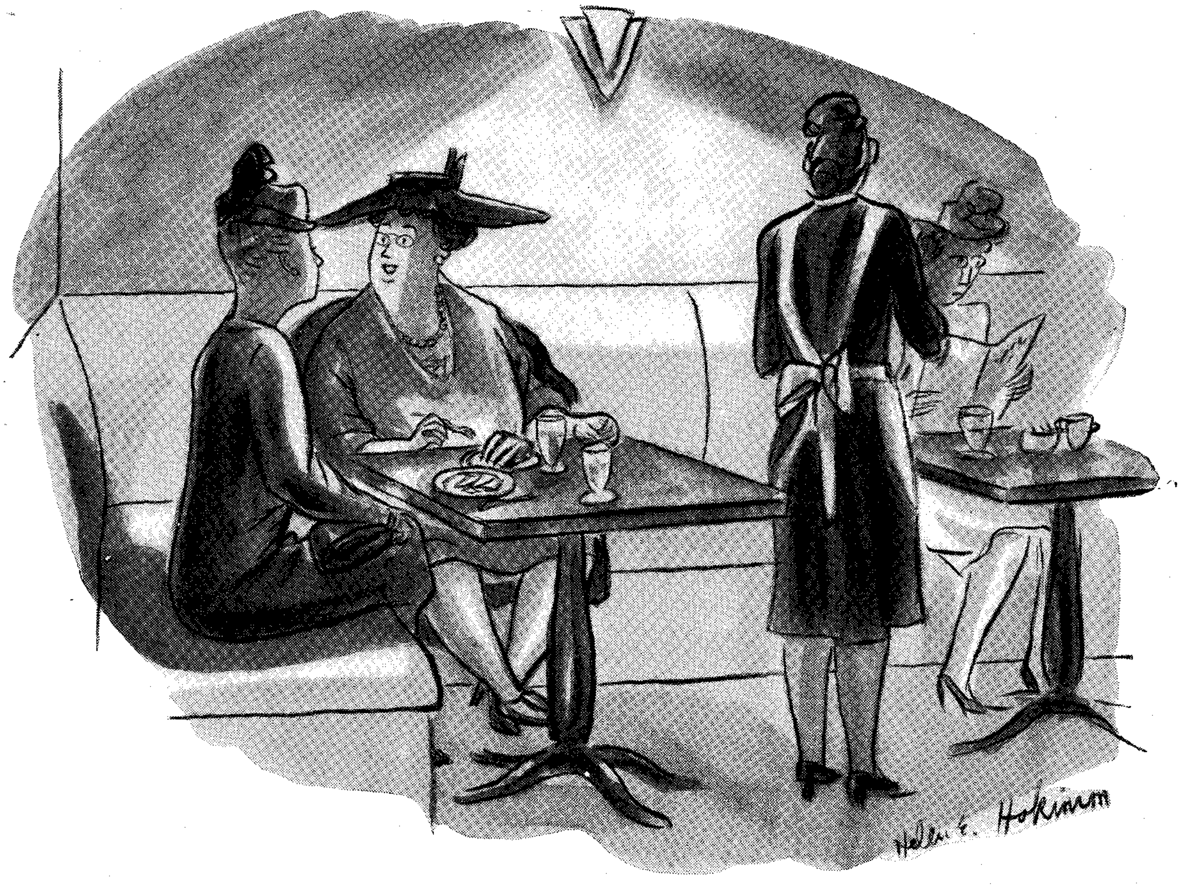
A YOUNG man who went out to a South Pacific island as a second lieutenant in the Marines recently wrote his family that he had been promoted to first lieutenant. Further along in his letter he said that it was so hot that he hadn't worn a blouse for weeks and most of the time hadn't even worn a shirt. His sister has sent him a set of first lieutenant's silver shoulder bars, neatly mounted on adhesive tape.

## *Warrior's Husband*

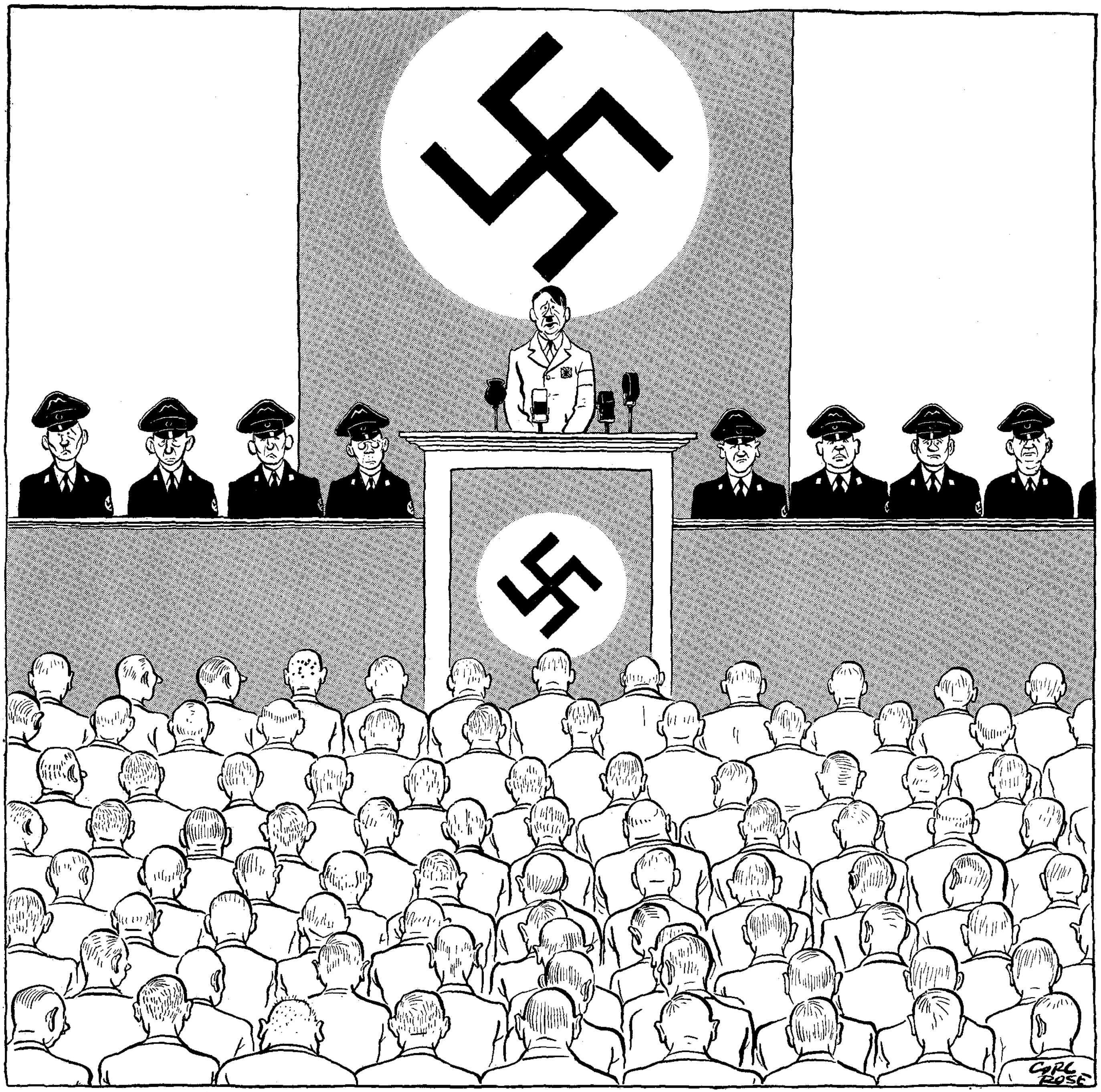
A TIMELY personality is Mr. Harry Marquis, the husband of First Officer Frances Keegan Marquis, WAAC, who has been in the news as the commander of the WAAC contingent which recently landed in North Africa. Mr. Marquis, who hasn't been in the newspapers at all that we noticed, has been working as usual at the office of the Committee of Americans, Inc., an outfit which is financed by a thousand or so corporations and investigates and transmits to the ears of interested legislators the members' thoughts about various tax proposals. The morning we called on Mr. Marquis he happened, we pointed out helpfully, to be wearing one green and one blue sock. "This fact has absolutely no relation to the fact that my wife is in Africa with the Waacs," he told us. "If you must know, it's just that I'm plain color-blind." Mr. Marquis is a round, bespectacled man in his late forties, in whom domesticity is now necessarily subordinated to love of country. He said that he had offered no objections when his wife enlisted. In fairness, he couldn't have, since earlier in the war he had tried to offer his services to the French government and *she* hadn't objected. Marquis never got to France, because the consul here insisted on his paying his own way. "At that time I could just about have paid a one-way passage to Newark," he told us sadly.

At present Marquis is still ahead of his wife in the matter of overseas duty; he had a year and a half of it in the last war. "Of course in a different kind of capacity," he told us. "I was the buckest private in the rearest ranks of the A.E.F. I never fired a single gun. Drove a truck, you see. I got fired *at* a few times, but nothing much, and really all I can say about it is that I never had so much fun in my life." He came home in 1919 and within a year after his demobilization had financed the sinking of fourteen successful oil wells. "I was worth a million dollars," he said. "All on paper and all soon lost, of course, but boy, those were the days! Mind you, I believe in social security and all that, and I know that those days are past and gone, and good riddance, but on the other hand, those *were* the days." In 1931, when he met the lady who was to be his wife—and commander of the Waacs in North Africa—he was a salesman for a ginger-ale firm and she was manager of Town Hall, a job she had held for ten years. "She took it over when Steinway Hall was the great thing in this town," Mr. Marquis informed us, "and now you will notice that there is practically no Steinway Hall *whatever*. That is the kind of girl Fran is." He told us that she had acquitted herself equally well in subsequent positions with the American Women's Association and the Women's City Club. "Not only that," he added, "but if she wasn't two and a half inches taller than I, I would call her a beautiful woman. As it is, I will call her handsome."

These days Marquis's job keeps him travelling about three-quarters of the



*"Well, of course, being thin* suits *you."*



*"Er—ah . . ."*

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time, and he stays in the suburbs with friends when he's working in town. Before his wife joined up, they had an apartment in Tudor City, where Mrs. Marquis displayed the usual domestic accomplishments. "There is one thing she *cannot* do, though, and that is play ping-pong," Marquis told us, in a tone of mild triumph. "She was a great girl for mystery novels, you know—sometimes read three in one night. She was the real wonder of the Tudor City lending library. Of course I read only serious books." Under pressure, Marquis broke down and admitted that he plays a good game of bridge. "Oh, I play a fair game" was the way he put it to us. "Win a tournament now and then." He last saw First Officer Marquis at Christmas, when she got leave and they paid her father in Boston a visit. She said nothing about leaving the country, and the first news anyone, including himself, had of her arrival in Africa was in the public prints. "I haven't so much as got an Army arrival notice yet," he said. "But naturally I'm not so dumb—I read all the papers and the good political books, and the whole thing didn't surprise me a bit."

## *Emotion*

LAST Saturday night, in the lobby of the Cort Theatre, a friend of ours heard a fine piece of objective dramatic criticism. The play was "The Eve of St. Mark," and a pretty young woman was telling her escort how much she liked it. "Would I be *crying* now if I wasn't wearing mascara!" she exclaimed.

# SEAMAN FIRST CLASS

THE Chatfields' house in Monroe, Connecticut, stood on a bluff overlooking Long Island Sound. It had once been a summer cottage, but when Mr. Chatfield retired it had been remodelled into what was known as an all-year-round house. That meant that it had a cellar, an oil burner, storm windows, and was plastered throughout. Like most of the houses near the shore in Monroe, it had a slightly nautical look from the outside; there were a red and a green ship's lantern on either side of the front door and a weathervane in the shape of a three-masted schooner over the garage. Also on the front door, hanging from the doorknob, was a string of bells that had nothing to do with the sea. They had been brought from Portugal and they looked like cowbells. Mrs. Chatfield had put them there so that she could hear when Mrs. Shelton popped in unannounced. Mrs. Chatfield had been talking about Mrs. Shelton one Sunday afternoon when the radio was tuned in to the Philharmonic, and she hadn't heard the door open. There had been a decided coolness between the two ladies for some time.

When war was declared, the Chatfields went right into it. Mrs. Chatfield made blackout curtains for the sun porch and talked about getting a job in an airplane factory in Hartford, while Mr. Chatfield signed up as an airplane-spotter and took the meanest watches. And when the rationing began, Mrs. Chatfield used saccharine in her tea and coffee; Mr. Chatfield pasted an A sticker on the windshield of his Buick and filled out his fuel-oil application so conscientiously that he forgot to allow for the kitchen and the sun porch. Even Nellie, the Chatfields' maid, left to work in the factory in Clinton. Mrs. Chatfield decided against trying to get another maid. She explained to her friends that by doing her own housework she was releasing a worker for war industry.

During the early fall of 1942 there were rumors of a complete blackout, which were pleasantly exciting, but as the fall passed and winter settled down, the blackout became a dimout, the airplane-spotters were moved from the bleak height of Janner's Hill to the roof of the school, and it seemed that there was nothing more to do for the war effort. Of course, sitting in the house with the thermostat down to sixty and marketing only once a week on account of the gasoline shortage was something, but it was not, Mrs. Chatfield thought, as though one could say, "Connecticut can take it!" It was not enough, and she talked wistfully of bombs until the day Mrs. Shelton told her about the wonderful thing the ladies of Essex were doing. "They are taking British sailors," Mrs. Shelton said.

"British sailors?" Mrs. Chatfield repeated. "What for?"

"My dear," Mrs. Shelton said, "they've been bombed and everything. And they send them to hospitals, and when they get out of the hospitals, why, naturally, they have to have someplace to go to rest before they're sent home or something."

"How marvellous!" Mrs. Chatfield said. "Did you hear that, Harry? They've been bombed and bombed."

Mr. Chatfield, who was Harvard '97, said, "Poor beggars!"

"I'd like one," Mrs. Chatfield said. "I'd like one right out of the hospital. We could pick him up at the station, bundle him into the car, and put him right to bed when he got here."

"One funny thing—at least *I* think so—is that you're not supposed to give them any medication whatsoever," Mrs. Shelton said. "It's all been attended to."

"As to that," Mrs. Chatfield said coldly, "I would prefer to use my own judgment. I certainly raised a healthy boy when I raised Robert. And both Robert and his wife trust me implicitly with the two children."

Mrs. Shelton glanced at the spot on the carpet where Jody had thrown up the last time he had spent the afternoon with his grandmother, and said nothing.

"I'm going to ask for one," Mrs. Chatfield said. "We can put him in the guest room upstairs if the stairs won't be too much. Or we can put him in Nellie's old room off the kitchen, which is really warmer."

"I'd like to take one, too," Mrs. Shelton said. "But my house is freezing. Besides, I'm all alone, and I don't think I'm well enough to shoulder the responsibility."

"What do you think, Harry?" Mrs. Chatfield asked. "Where do I get one, Edith?"

"You just call Mrs. Bromley in Essex," Mrs. Shelton said. "You know her. She's English, or Canadian. She had the British booth at the fair last summer."

In less than ten minutes Mrs. Chatfield had made arrangements with Mrs. Bromley to take the next British seaman who needed a rest.

THE following morning Mrs. Chatfield was still in bed when the telephone rang. The room was bitterly cold, and she shuddered as she reached out to pick up the receiver. It was Mrs. Bromley, who, from the tone of her voice, had been up for hours. "Well," Mrs. Bromley said enthusiastically, "I have one for you. A very nice one, so they tell me. He's had a slight throat operation, and he'll be in Monroe this evening on the six-o'clock train. You'll know him by his uniform."

"How wonderful!" Mrs. Chatfield said. "And thanks loads. We did so want to do something."

She said goodbye and crawled out of bed. Harry was up and downstairs, and Mrs. Chatfield opened the door to the hall and sniffed to see if he had put on the coffee. Then she put her dark-red chenille dressing gown on over her flannelette nightgown, slipped her feet into fleece-lined slippers, and went down the stairs.

Harry was sitting at the table in the breakfast nook, off the kitchen, eating his cereal. "You can't just sit there," Mrs. Chatfield said. "We've got to fix the house. We're getting a wounded sailor on the six-o'clock train."

"*Today?*" Mr. Chatfield asked.

"Today," she answered firmly.

Mr. Chatfield started to say something, then thought better of it. "Right," he said, and finished his cereal hurriedly.

The Chatfields and Rudy Wilkins, who drove the express truck, were the only people at the station to meet the six-o'clock train. It was dark and cold and the wind blew the cinders from the side of the tracks. Mr. Chatfield stamped his feet on the wooden platform until they tingled. Over his arm he carried a woollen lap robe. Mrs. Chatfield looked around and sighed. "It's a pity he couldn't see the place in summer," she said. "It's really a charming little place in summer."

"Poor beggar's probably too done in to care," Mr. Chatfield said. "Probably just wants to crawl in somewhere and rest."

"Well, I've broth, and he can have

# A PSALM IN HONOR OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF IOWA

(Or, "Just Call Me Hick")

"HICKENLOOPER FINDS VOTES IN HIS ODD NAME"—*Headline in the Herald Tribune over an Associated Press dispatch describing the political rise of Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper.*

In the counties of Pottawattamie, Appanoose, and Wapello,
Mahaska, Pocahontas, Black Hawk, Chickasaw, and Sac,
As well as Cerro Gordo, Buena Vista, Ringgold, and Osceola,
The voters adore the gentleman with the funny name,
The Man of the Hour, the First Citizen of Iowa.
Who?
The political Super-Dooper, Hickenlooper.

one time over in sioux county a friend took old hick to see his
mother who was somewhat deaf and tried to introduce him and
the mother kept making them repeat the name until finally she
said despairingly quote i give up all it sounds like to me is
hickenlooper close quote

Whereupon, it is reported from usually reliable sources,
Laughter in that vicinity was inordinately raucous.
The story spread through the counties of Clay and Calhoun,
Jefferson, Jackson, Jasper, Johnson, and Jones,
Hamilton, Hancock, Hardin, Harrison, Henry, and Howard,
Likewise Lee, Lucas, Wayne, Webster, Marion, and Monroe,
And the common people slapped their thighs, roared "Har! Har!"
And dashed out to vote for—guess whom?
Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper is the name.

it also seems that once mr b b hickenlooper went to a drug
store in dubuque for ten cents worth of asafetida and he didnt
have any change so he told the apothecary a man named
quimby to charge it and this quimby said quote take it for
nothing i wouldnt write both asafetida and hickenlooper for a
dime close quote again

And this yarn, like the other one, swept across the land.
People retold it in Cedar Rapids, New Providence, Rose Hill,
Morning Sun, Eagle Grove, Climbing Hill, Elk Horn,
Council Bluffs, Turkey River, Coon Rapids, Lost Nation,
Teeds Grove, Lone Tree, Primrose, Deep River, Cottonwood,
Burroak, Honey Creek, Buffalo Center, New Sharon,
Sand Springs, and Waterloo, as well as in Viola, Ollie,
Tiffin, Avoca, Neola, and Killduff, in Tama and Ute,
Moneta and Onawa, and even in Pisgah, and in old
West Branch, where Herbert Hoover was born in 1874.
And when the polls opened and Armageddon's lines were drawn,
The chuckling voters stampeded for the New Champion.
And what was his name?
Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper,
The boy they trust to bop the dupers of the people.

Salute, therefore, Mr. B. B. Hickenlooper,
Pride of the lovers of novel nomenclature.
You made the electorate chortle with your name,
And they put you in the gubernatorial chair.

and they do say that sometimes when they were introducing
this man at husking bees and barn-raisings and rallies
and barbecues and fish fries they would refer to him as
lickenhooper hoopenlicker hoppinlooker doopenhoofer
and all sorts of other sidesplitting variations but old
hick would just grin and get up and say i know its funny
and go into his speech for he was always a game sport
and laughed as hard as the next one

Before Hickenlooper, people thought Iowa a bit dull.
Its people wanted to go out to southern California
To join Aimee Semple McPherson, raise grapefruit,
Collect autographs, play mumbletypeg, or go to picnics.
Or they'd go to Davenport to study chiropractic.
Or they yearned for careers like that of the new
Chairman of the Republican National Committee,
Mr. Harrison Earl Spangler, who was born in Guthrie County
In 1879 and who belongs to the Sigma Nu Fraternity.
Or they would become baseball players, like Robert Feller,
The fast-ball pitcher who was born on a farm near Van Meter.
Or they got married, like Bruce Gould (born in Luana) and
Beatrice Blackmar (born in Emmetsburg), who came East
And became co-editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.
(He is a Kappa Sigma and she is a Kappa Kappa Gamma.)
But old boy Hickenlooper just kept rolling along,
Cracking jokes, shaking hands, mending his fences,
And he became Governor of the whole darned state of Iowa.
Who did?
Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper.

Our man is the new Republican Governor of Iowa.
Who?
Why, he's the rootin'est, tootin'est of all Hickenloopers—
Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper,
With a gimmick in his patronymic.

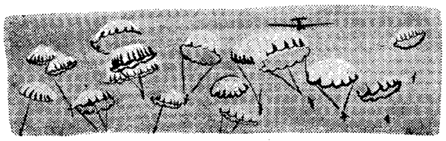
—Stanley Walker

* * *

some nice thin toast if his throat isn't too sore," his wife said. "I hope the hot-water bottle hasn't leaked in his bed." She stared up the tracks. "I think I hear it," she said.

They could see the headlight of the train as it rounded the curve. "I'll stay here," Mrs. Chatfield said. "And you go on ahead. We can't have him standing around."

The train pulled into the station and stopped abruptly. Mrs. Chatfield stepped back and looked along the platform. After a few seconds she saw Harry ahead and saw that he had someone in uniform with him. As they walked under the dim lights of the station, she saw that the man with Harry was small and round. He walked briskly and Harry was having a hard time keeping pace with him. Mrs. Chatfield went forward to greet him. "Here I am!" she called cheerily. "I was just saying it was a pity you couldn't see the place in summer."



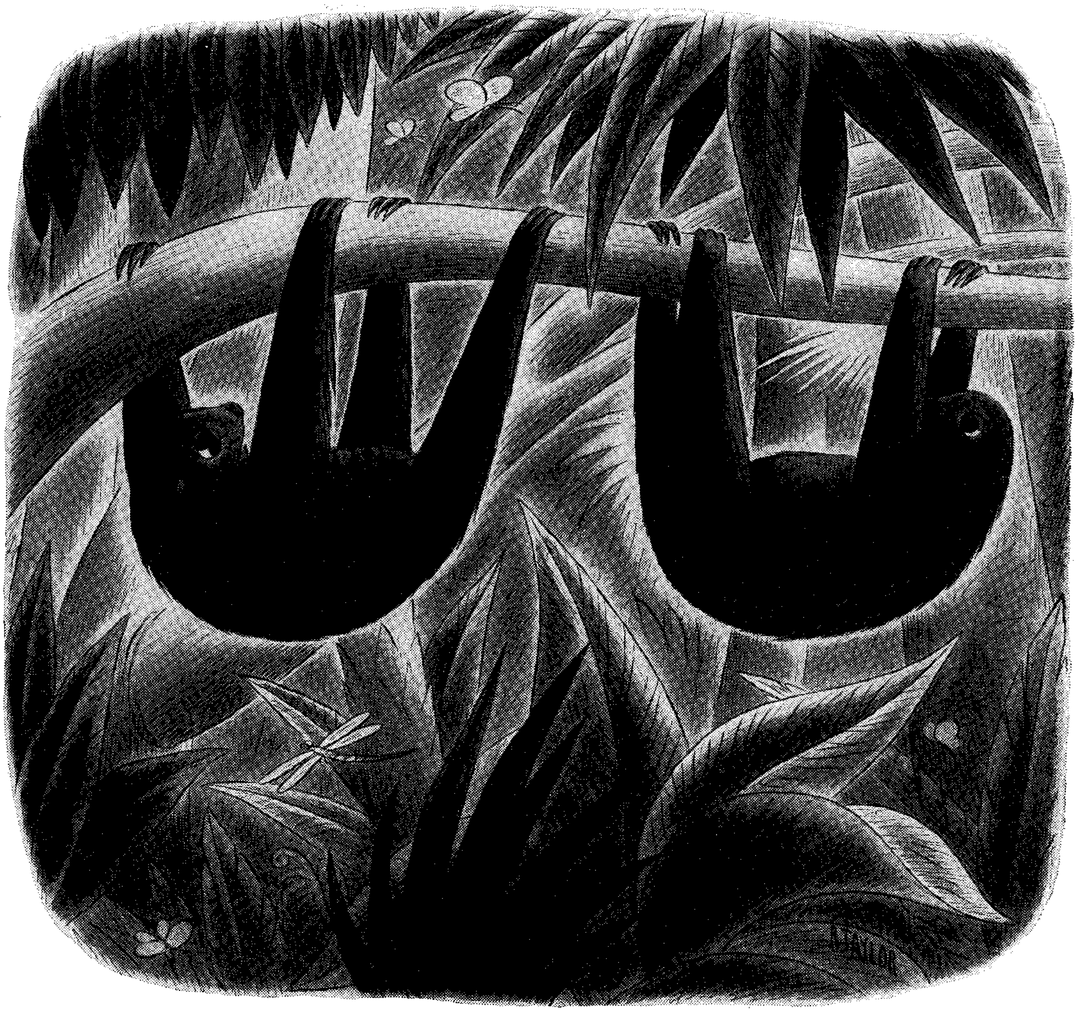
She put out her hand, and the round little man shook it warmly. "Earl Hurley's the name, Ma'am," he said. "Bit of a twister, what?" His voice was slightly husky, his face was pink, and his fine blond hair fell over his forehead. He had a dimple in his chin and when he smiled two dimples appeared in his cheeks. He looked like a smaller and gayer edition of Charles Laughton.

"Well, Mr. Hurley," Mrs. Chatfield said.

"Call me Earl," he said. "I'm a family man." He nodded at her brightly.

"Goodness!" Mrs. Chatfield said. "What are we thinking of? Letting you stand out here in the cold. Harry, take his bag."

"Nonsense, Ma'am," he said, holding onto the bag firmly. They walked to the car and Earl Hurley took the rug from Mr. Chatfield's arm and arranged it carefully over Mrs. Chatfield's knees as she sat down. Mr. Chatfield stepped on the starter and they drove away along the dim streets.



*"For heaven's sake, stop worrying. You're supposed to feel sluggish!"*

• •

AS they came into the living room of the house, Mrs. Chatfield turned and looked at Earl Hurley again. She thought of the broth keeping hot in the double boiler on the electric stove and of the bed, with its clean sheets turned down to receive a sick man. "You see," she said, "we weren't sure. We thought you might be—might want to go to your room—go to bed, I mean."

"Not me," he said. "I'm fit as a fiddle." He patted his throat with a plump, short hand. "Little trouble with my throat."

"We've put you," Mrs. Chatfield said nervously, "in the room off the kitchen. It's warmer. It's really dreadfully cold upstairs."

"Right," he said. He followed her through the dining room to the kitchen, glancing at the stove as he passed. "Right," he said again as he saw the small, pretty room, with its gay chintz curtains. Then he closed the door.

Mrs. Chatfield hurried back to the living room, where she found her husband putting another log on the fire. "Harry," she said, "what are we going to do? I mean we've got to think of something. It will be so dull for him here. And I think he wants dinner. A regular dinner."

"So do I," Mr. Chatfield said. "What were *we* going to have?"

"I hadn't thought." Mrs. Chatfield sank down on the couch and stared at the fire. "I thought just eggs or some little thing after we got him to bed. I must say I think Mrs. Bromley might have told me." She sat silent for a moment. "Tea, of course," she said. "And a lot of bacon and eggs. And there's fruit and some cookies, and canned beans, and baked potatoes. We can call Edith, too, and the Mastens, and Dr. and Mrs. Carley, and the Ryan girls to drop in after dinner. Make it sort of gay."

"I'll light the oven," Mr. Chatfield said.

Mrs. Chatfield was busy telephoning for fifteen minutes before she went to the kitchen and began opening cans. When she had the beans in the casserole, Earl came out of his room. He had taken a shower and his blond hair was damp. He looked scrubbed and clean. "Here I am," he said. "Ready to pitch in."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Chatfield said. "You sit right there and rest." She pointed to the rocking chair in the corner and slid the casserole on the top shelf of the oven. "Now, tell us all about yourself," she went on. "Where you're from and everything."

"Plympton," he said.

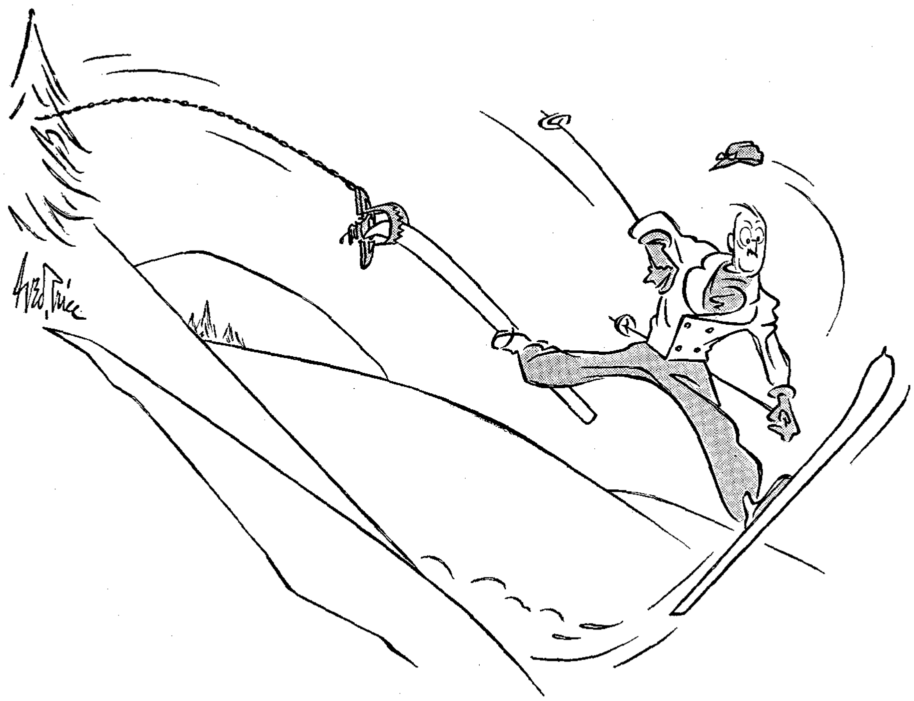
"Ah," Mr. Chatfield said. He measured tea into the teapot. "That's near Plymouth, isn't it?"

"It is," agreed Mr. Hurley.

"Terrible!" Mrs. Chatfield said. "Plymouth. I can't bear to think about it."

Mr. Hurley stared at the stove and sniffed appreciatively. "This is all right," he said.

At dinner, by adroit questioning, the Chatfields learned that Mr. Hurley had been at sea for twenty years and, since the war started, had been bombed five times and torpedoed twice. They learned that his wife's name was Florrie and that he had four nippers. He looked at Mrs. Chatfield's smooth, wavy hair. "You have a permanent, haven't you,



Ma'am?" he asked. "That's what I tell Florrie she should have. Her hair's a bit stringy."

"Oh," Mrs. Chatfield said.

THE doorbell rang before they had finished their tea. It was the two Ryan girls, and within ten minutes the other guests had arrived. Earl Hurley took a chair in a corner of the living room and the rest of the people nodded and smiled at him approvingly.

"Mr. Hurley's been bombed five times and torpedoed twice," Mrs. Chatfield said. The Ryan girls shuddered, and Mrs. Masten said, "It doesn't seem possible, does it? I mean that things like that can happen in this world."

Earl Hurley cleared his throat and everyone was silent. He reached out and took a peppermint from the dish on the table near his chair.

"Mr. Hurley's from Plympton," Mrs. Chatfield said. "That's near Plymouth, you know. He was *in* Plymouth not six months ago."

"Were you indeed?" Dr. Carley asked. "It would be most interesting to hear what it is like now."

Earl swallowed the peppermint and cleared his throat again. "It's a bit smashed," he said. He took another peppermint.

Mrs. Shelton began to tell about her trip to Bermuda before war was declared—*just* before—and Mrs. Chatfield whispered to her husband, "You go sit next to him, Harry."

Mr. Chatfield drew a chair up next to Earl Hurley, who leaned toward him confidentially. "Once at Brighton," he said, "I saw a young lady with her toenails painted red."

Mr. Chatfield couldn't think of anything to say.

It was almost ten when the telephone rang. Mrs. Chatfield answered it. "Oh, my dear, how awful!" she said. "Of course we can. We can take them both. We'll be right over."

She put the receiver back on its hook and faced the room. "Robert and Libby's pipes have burst," she said. "Their furnace went off in the middle of last night and the man from New Haven never got there to fix it. So their plumbing—well, just doesn't work. And the children—"

"Our son and his wife's pipes have burst," Mr. Chatfield said to Earl Hurley. "They want us to take the children."

"Right," Mr. Hurley said. He got up and left the room.

"I think we'd better go right over and get the children," Mrs. Chatfield said. "Isn't it dreadful!" She went to the hall closet and took down her coat.

Earl Hurley came back into the room. He wore his coat and had wrapped a scarf around his throat. He shook his finger at Mrs. Chatfield. "Now then," he said, "what do you want to be going out in the cold for when you've got two men to wait on you?" He nodded at Mr. Chatfield, who put on his coat, and the men started out the front door to the car.

"Well," Mrs. Chatfield said as the front door closed.

IT was a half-hour before the two men got back, and the guests had gone. Mr. Chatfield carried the baby and Earl Hurley carried Jody, who was almost three. Jody was wide awake and happy. Earl Hurley set him down on the floor and began to take off his snow suit. "I'm running out of oil," Jody said.

Earl Hurley put his thumb in Jody's ear as though he were pouring something from a spout. "Here you are," he said.

Jody began to chug. "I'm going again," he said.

Mrs. Chatfield took the baby and carried her upstairs. "Harry," she called over her shoulder, "you've got to help me with the bed. It isn't even made up."

Mr. Chatfield looked at Jody, who was running around the room. "Action!" he was yelling. "Action!"

Earl Hurley took a small pair of pliers from his pocket and handed them to Jody. "Tighten your valves," he said.

Mr. Chatfield went upstairs and began to take clean sheets out of the linen closet.

When the bed was made and the baby was asleep, the Chatfields came downstairs. The living room was empty, but they could hear water running in the kitchen. Earl was alone at the sink. The dishes were washed and he was polishing the glasses. Mrs. Chatfield saw that they shone.

"The Chief's in my room," Earl said. "Bedded down. I doubt very much he's asleep."

"Why, Earl," Mrs. Chatfield said. "You shouldn't have bothered. And all those dishes. Harry, he mustn't do such things. All those dishes."

Earl Hurley held a glass to the light and squinted at it. Then he turned and winked at Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield. "I'm a family man," he said.

—SALLY BENSON

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Space limitations prevent the publication of the text of Governor Saltonstall's inaugural message in the Gazette, but we are glad to reprint a correction which arrived in the mail yesterday on a gubernatorial postcard. It reads:

"Important correction in Governor Saltonstall's inaugural message: Page 7, line 1, should read 'maximum' instead of 'minimum.'"—*Vineyard Gazette, Edgartown, Mass.*

Well, that gives *some* idea of the thing.

# THE SOLEMN YOUNG MEN

THE sound of marching feet on the old wooden floors of the building died away. The officers broke up their casual group in the front hall and went their several ways.

Lieutenant Andrew Tierney, thirty-five years old and in a happy frame of mind, walked briskly down the west corridor. Under his left arm he carried a notebook, an assignment text, and the Bluejackets' Manual. His firm tread echoed hollowly beneath the sixteen-foot ceiling of Beacham Hall. Beacham was one of several classroom buildings taken over from the university by the Navy Pre-Flight School.

Five months before, at this hour, Andrew, a young attorney, probably would have been walking into a federal courtroom in New York. In court he never got to question witnesses or address the bench or jury. He had sat at the rear of the counsel table and occasionally handed papers to whichever older member of the firm was trying the case. Now he turned into the open doorway of Room 243. Fifty aviation cadets in khaki stood at attention before their chairs. They were new men. This was their third day. Andrew enjoyed a sense of well-being when he stood before new men. He was glad that he had paid so much for his uniform. His smart appearance, he felt, stimulated the cadets to an ambition to have uniforms like his. "Good morning," he said cheerily.

"Good morning, sir," the fifty young men replied in solemn unison.

Andrew put his books on his desk. He had a broad smile on his face. He felt good. "Seats!" he said.

During the scuffle of heavy brogans and scraping of chairs, Andrew opened his assignment book to cover the slight flutter of excitement he always felt when he gave a command and it was obeyed. "Let's break out the Regulations," he said when the room was quiet again. "We read again this morning."

The end man of each of the five rows got an armload of thick, loose-leaf volumes from the shelves against the side wall and passed them along.

Andrew chalked up on the blackboard the sections to be read: 230, 231, 234, 241, 245-49, 254, 266. It was basic stuff, dealing with Navy good manners, such as salutes from a small boat, salutes for a Cabinet officer, side boys, which ship saluted first when two ships approached a third, and so forth.

"You did well yesterday, men," he said as the cadets opened the Regulations and looked at the blackboard to identify the sections. "Only one man failed."

Instantly fifty pairs of eyes sought his. Two or three men swallowed hard; one slid his fingers nervously across his mouth. Their eyes beseeched him to tell who it had been. He had meant to stand firm, smiling, his twinkling glance roving their faces, but instead he turned away to the window and looked across the campus. "Remarkable, isn't it, men, how late the green stays in North Carolina?" he said. "Not like our winters up North."

One by one the stares of the men fell away from his back. They began reading the assignment with scowling resoluteness. There was silence.

After a few minutes Andrew tiptoed to the shelves and got down a copy of the Regulations. He glanced through the assigned sections; he had read them thoroughly the night before, but he wanted to be sure of himself.

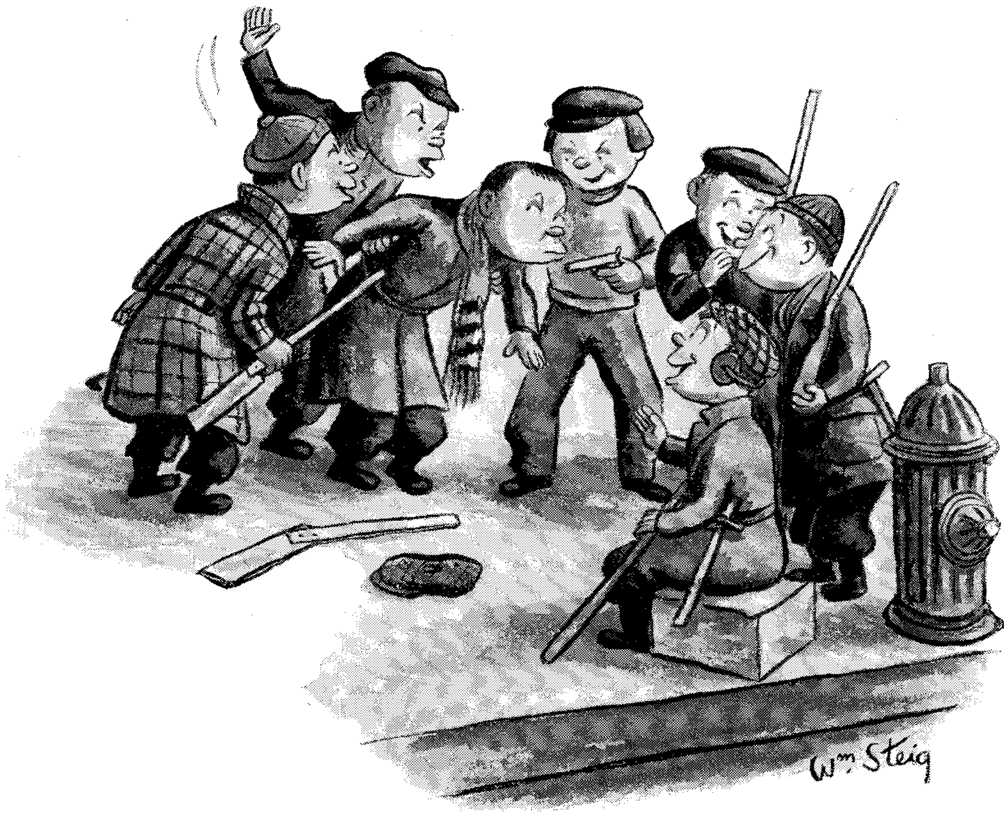
A hand went up.

"Yes?"

"Sir, what does this 'd-o-period' mean?"

"That's 'ditto,'" Andrew replied easily. "Short for 'ditto.'" And then he added, "Don't worry too much about those tables, men. You can look those up any time. None of your questions today will be on the tables."

Again there was silence. Not quite silence, for he could hear the light hum of a Piper Cub overhead somewhere. Some CAA student from the university, probably. Those gadflies were always overhead. None of the men paid any attention. After a time Andrew was conscious of a distant, drumming mutter. He had heard it for several seconds before he became fully aware of it. The deep mutter had power, authority. The men heard it. Their eyes still on their books, they shifted in their seats. The drumming grew louder, more commanding. Heads began to come up. The men squinted out the windows at the patches of sky above the trees. Then one man nearest a window whispered so that it carried across the room, "B-25's. Seven of 'em. Going west." The men



SMALL FRY

*Questioning of prisoner*

relaxed and lowered their heads into the books again.

Another hand went up.

"Yes?"

"Sir, what is the union jack?"

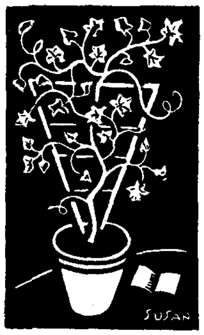
Andrew's smile was friendly. All eyes were fixed on him, awaiting his answer.

"That's the flag with the forty-eight stars on it."

"No stripes?"

"No stripes. When a ship is at anchor, the jack is flown at the bow, the ensign aft at the stern. When the ship sails, the jack is hauled down and the ensign is flown at the gaff."

Every man drank in that bit of information and carefully stored it away. Then the class returned to its reading.



AFTER a while another hand went up.

"Yes?"

"It says here the colors are hauled down at sunset. Is that true in wartime, or does the ensign fly all night in wartime?"

Again all eyes stared at Lieutenant Tierney. This was one of those inevitable moments that he had been dreading. The question was one which had not happened to come up during his sixty-day indoctrination; he didn't know the answer. He had been aware for some time now that he would always have to face questions to which he did not know the answers.

He had nearly been caught six weeks before, on the first day with his first class of new men. A cadet had finished reading the assignment and had begun thumbing through the Regulations. Then he had asked, "Sir, what is the weather deck?"

Andrew had been seized by a deep sense of panic; he had gripped the edge of his desk and for once his smile had almost vanished. The eyes of all the men had been on him. He was a naval officer. He had two stripes on his boards. Of course he knew the answer to a simple question like that.

He had stammered, "In what connection do you ask that?"

"Well, it says here in a certain situation the men are lined at the rail of the weather deck."

From inference, and from a sudden memory of a newsreel of sailors in white lining the rail of a battleship, he had drawn an answer. The weather deck was the deck which was not protected from the weather; the main deck, that is—the big deck the rail runs around. That answer had got him by, but the incident had left him weak and dismayed. That, he foresaw, would not be the last time.

Lying awake that night, trying to decide how to meet that problem when it arose again, he had, by some process of thinking peculiar perhaps to a lawyer's mind, tried to imagine how a Nazi lieutenant would have handled it. He concluded that the Nazi would have roared back at the cadet, "Is the question of the weather deck part of your assignment? . . . No? Then why are you asking questions about something which has nothing to do with your assignment? When the weather deck is part of your assignment, I will answer your question. Until that time, obey your orders!" And because that was the way a Nazi would have coped with it, Andrew knew that he could not do likewise. But he could be honest—honest with himself and the other fellow. That didn't sound very martial, though. He was no longer a civilian, he was an officer. Well, he would just have to wait and see.

And now, his dismay mounting, he said, smiling, "Is the ensign flown all night in wartime? I don't believe it is." Then he blurted out, "To tell the truth, though, I don't know."

At once he felt sure that he had made a disastrous mistake. His palms were moist and he wanted to take out his handkerchief to wipe them dry. He had destroyed a fundamental requisite—respect for an officer. The confession stamped him an impostor in uniform. The next time he gave an order . . . He realized that for several seconds a hand had been up in the third row. "Yes?" he said.

"Excuse me, sir, but I have a brother who was at Pearl Harbor, and we happened to be talking not long ago, and he mentioned they do fly the colors all night in wartime. He is a seaman first class, sir."

Andrew was certain that they could see how pale he had become. "Well," he said, and he made himself laugh, "if he is first class, I guess he ought to know."

"He said," the cadet went on seriously, "that they haul down the colors for about thirty seconds at sunset, then run them up again."

"That's very interesting," said Andrew. "I'm sure we are all glad to know that."

The solemn young men nodded in agreement and returned to their reading.

Andrew watched them carefully, dreading a quick exchange of glances, a lifted eyebrow, an ill-concealed smirk. There was nothing. They kept their faces in their books; he looked at unmoving rows of fresh Navy haircuts.

Suddenly Andrew knew that it would be difficult for him either to impair or enhance his personal dignity before these young men. Hurrying to a destiny, all they wanted here was information, quantities of it, no matter from whom it came. For the rest, their thoughts ran far ahead and beyond this room.

He looked at his wristwatch. From his stuffed notebook he took a sheaf of mimeographed questions covering the assignment. He began passing them out. "Let's get on these papers, men," he said briskly. "Smartly, now!"

—NOEL HOUSTON

•

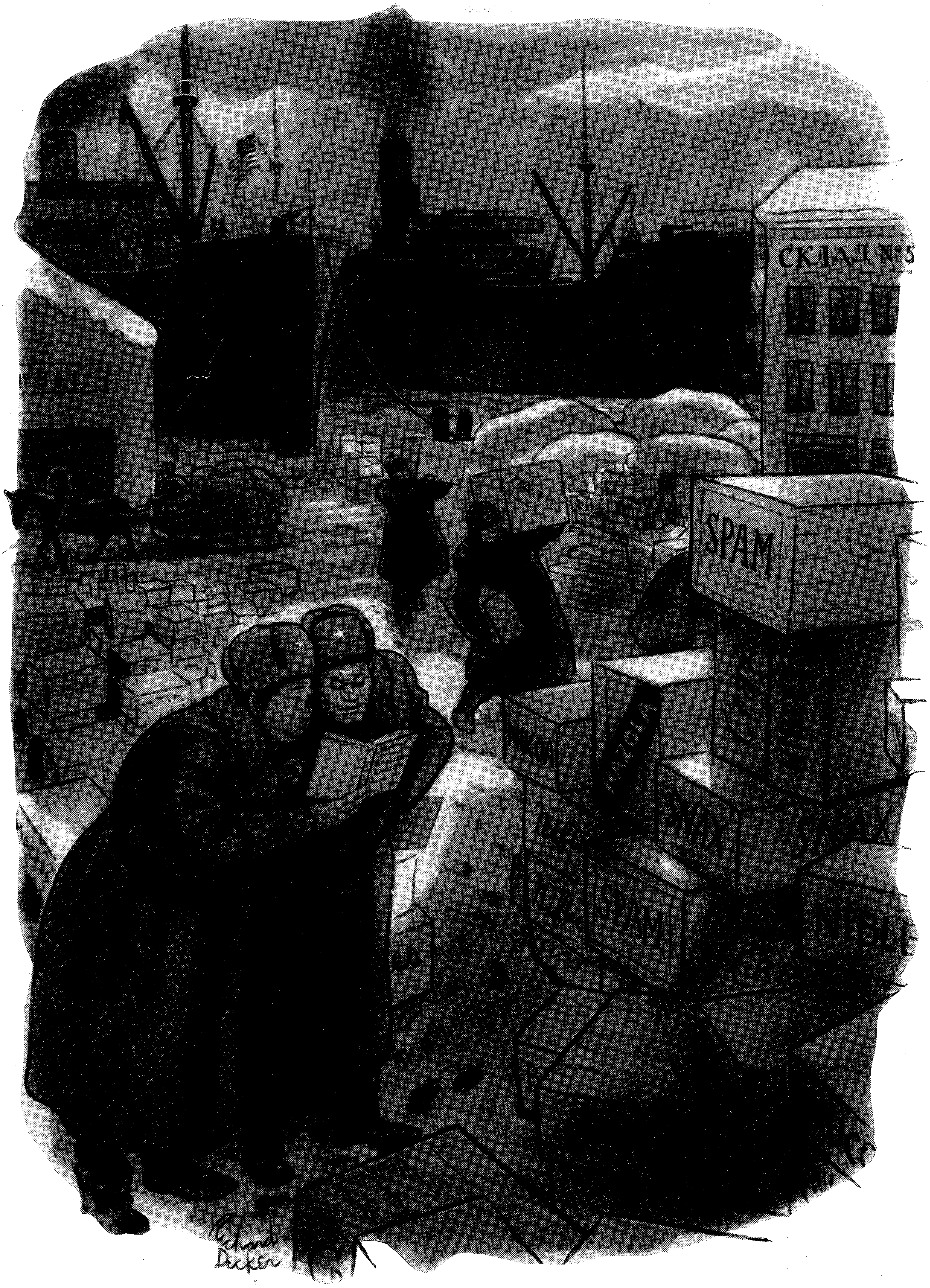
## SNOW

Millionfold
now the cold
hexagon
falls upon
iron ground
with no sound.

Arithmetic,
numbered thick,
multiplies
to the eyes
beauty built
small as silt,
light as breath,
stiff as death:
crystal angles,
Euclid spangles,
on the tree
jewelry,
on the pond
diamond,
on the glass
flowers, grass,
every bract
made exact.

So the snow,
swirling low,
scatters form
from the storm;
every flake
new of make,
every star
singular.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING


СКЛАД №5
SPAM
MAZOLA
SNAX
SNAX
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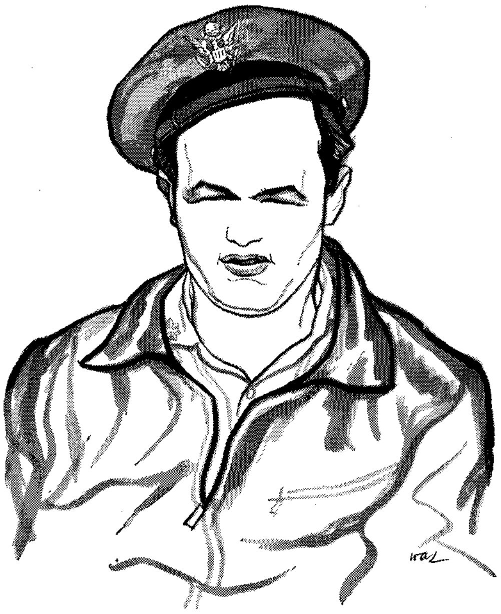
NIBL
Richard Decker

# PROFILES

## GUERRILLA FROM ERIE, PA.

A MINOR accident knocked the artificial cap off one of Major Philip Cochran's upper front teeth last fall, putting a gap in his grin. This is perhaps the most striking feature of his appearance. Up to a month ago the thing about Cochran that you noticed second was his mop of hair, the color and apparent texture of steel wool, which he wore in a pompadour and long in back, like the late Buffalo Bill. The dust lodged in his hair made it look even grayer than it naturally is. Cochran, then, as now, living at an airfield in southern Tunisia, was flying two or three missions a day himself and was in charge of running a guerrilla air war above an area of twenty thousand square miles. "If we ever get a rainy day out here so I can't fly, I'll have time to get a haircut," Cochran used to say. On the evening of January 13th, while he sat astride a wooden bench in his hut at the field, eating a mess of scrambled eggs out of a canteen cup, he allowed Private First Class Ralph Otto of California to shear away part of his mane. "I never cut human hair back home on the farm, but I used to clip all our horses," Private Otto said. "Civilization is creeping up on us on this front, so why the hell struggle against it?" Cochran grumbled. He could see that the vast region which for a month had been his private battleground was turning into a major front of formalized wartare, and he felt depressed. On that very day he had received an oblique reproach for his unsoldierly appearance from the first brigadier general he had seen in several weeks. Cochran, ever since he landed in Africa last November, has worn the same leather jacket, pants, and British flying boots. He sleeps in them, too. The general had said, "Major, if you are captured in those clothes, you will have to wear them until the end of the war, and they look about ready to fall off now." "Can you tie that?" Cochran said later to one of his pals. "There is nothing the matter with these clothes except they are full of dust." Cochran's ideas of military dress have never been regulation. He remembers that while he was in the R.O.T.C. at Ohio State University, a general making an inspection found him wearing black-and-white shoes with his uniform. "I told him they were the only ones I had to my name," Cochran says. "I imagine I was lying."



*Major Philip Cochran*

The dust in Cochran's part of Tunisia is so heavy that a group of Messerschmitts once came in on the tail of a dust storm and started strafing his field before anybody knew they were there. This left him speechless, a rare state for him, because he can usually anticipate what the Germans are going to do. His own Curtiss P-40 fighter was on the field and got shot full of holes. "It was already just a lot of holes tied together with piano wire," Cochran says. "They even shot away the connections between the holes. I had seen one of those Messerschmitts at about twenty thousand feet that morning and I knew he was casing the joint for a strafe job, but I didn't think they'd pull it that way."

A few days later Cochran rolled out of bed and predicted that a combined force of German bombers and fighters would appear over the field at two-thirty in the afternoon. He was wrong. The bombers and fighters—seven Junkers 88's and eight Messerschmitts—appeared at two twenty-eight. Cochran had seven fighters in the air waiting for them and they shot down a Messerschmitt and two Junkers. "I felt they would come then because they had been over a couple of times at dawn and a couple of times just before dark and they would want to do something different." He says it is like sensing when to hop on or off a guy who is shooting craps.

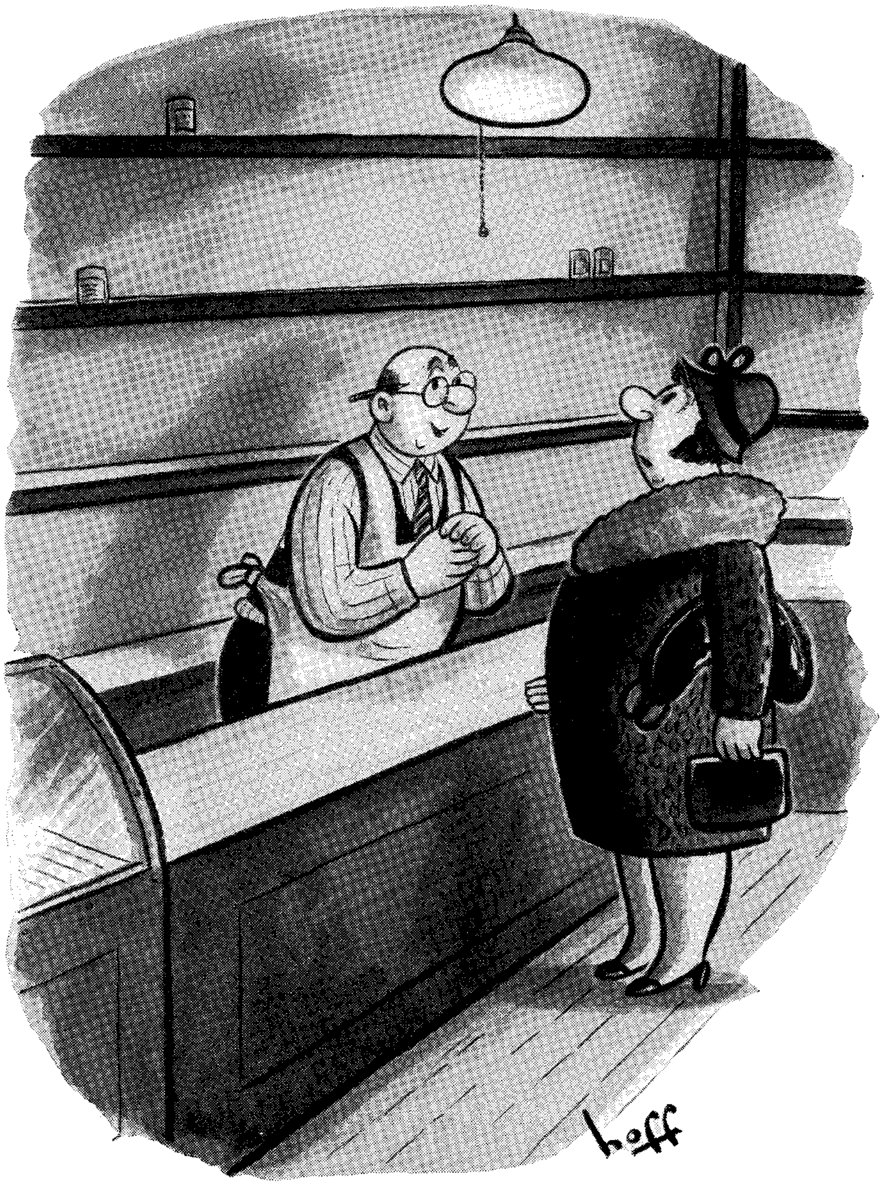
"On the day after the two-twenty-eight raid," Cochran recalls, "I have a hunch that if they do not come over at ten-thirty A.M. they will come over at a quarter to six, with bombers." It was due to get dark at six. The Germans did not come at ten-thirty. Consequently, Cochran put eight planes, including his own, in the air at a quarter to six, but nobody appeared. At five fifty-five he decided to come down and ordered the other planes down by radio. He was low over the field and had his landing wheels half down when the man in the field's control room—a circular hole in the ground with a radio telephone in it—called, "Enemy planes reported." Cochran started to climb into the gathering dark, and by the time he got to seven thousand feet he saw some flak and, looking down to find out why, saw that three Junkers 88's were bombing his field.

"I dived for the first one and hit him, but he gave it the blossom—gave it the gun, you know—and got away over a hill to the south," Cochran says when he tells the story. A lieutenant named Bent got on this plane after it had escaped Cochran and shot it down behind the hill. "Then I got on the second one and just flew formation with him," Cochran says. "I kept on shooting tracers into him, and the lights turned green and orange when they hit, like the Fourth of July. You never know how pretty tracers are until you see that effect. I went around him and saw the gunners die. The one on top stopped firing first, and then the side gunner. The one in the belly lived longest. The plane went down and down into the valley and me after him, and dark as hell, and I kept saying, 'Go down, you sucker. Go down.' Then I saw a big flare of light, and it wasn't gunfire, and it stayed in one place, and I left the plane burning in the valley and pulled up, not knowing where I was, but I found my friend the river—that *wadi*, which shows light tan in the dusk—and I started to follow it home. When I tell it, it sounds like a movie.

"Then I began to hear one of the kids over the radio saying he was lost, asking for directions." This was a lieutenant named Thomas, of Ada, Oklahoma, who had hopped the third Junkers and chased it out into the night fifty miles before bringing it down. It was when Thomas was pulling up from his kill that he found he was lost. He was not a veteran pilot like Cochran and lacked the older man's photographic memory of the region. "I tried to keep up his spirits by insulting him," Cochran says. "I thought he was somebody else, anyway—a fellow named Brown. I would say, 'I don't mind losing you, you stupid lug, but we can't afford to lose another P-40. Try and see the lights on my ship and steer a thirty course.' The kid would answer very politely, 'I don't see your lights, sir.' He never forgot to say 'sir.' But he was confused. Of course he couldn't see the lights we had out on the field, so I got an idea. I phoned down to the control room to tell the ack-ack to fire. I told him to tell the battery at the west edge of the field to fire, and then the one to the east, and so on, to outline the field. And then all together. I stayed up with my lights on. The kid saw the field all right and got his direction, and we both came down. When you tell about it, it sounds just like a movie." The German bombers didn't damage a single American plane.

COCHRAN is a barrel-chested one-hundred-and-fifty-pounder of medium height. He has high cheekbones, a jaw extremely broad at the base, and white teeth that are generally visible in a smile. He is a first lieutenant in the Regular Army, a captain in the Army of the United States, and a major in the Air Forces. Cochran was at first the ranking officer at his post but is now outranked. There are at least four lieutenant colonels above him. However, because of his knowledge of the country, he is still the one who selects and directs the post's missions, as he did during his guerrilla days. He is thirty-two and has been in the Air Forces ever since he left Ohio State nearly eight years ago with a degree in business administration and advertising. He had never been in combat before last November, but he had enjoyed a certain fame in the Air Forces as a tactical pilot and instructor of other pilots, as well as a certain vicarious celebrity with several million young Americans who follow the syndicated cartoon strip called "Terry and the Pirates," in which he appears under the name of Flip Corkin. Milton Caniff, the creator of the strip, went to college with Cochran and used him as a model for Flip, who is an aviator.

The attention that the Germans pay to Cochran's field is not unsolicited. He thinks that the way to fight anybody is to keep pushing him off balance and he is constantly devising new ways of pushing. For instance, there was his one-man expedition to Kairouan, a Tunisian city within the German lines. Cochran had heard that a German divisional commander had his headquarters in a certain building near the town and he had earmarked a bomb to drop on him, but for a couple of weeks he couldn't find time to do it. He didn't want to send anybody else, because the idea of dropping a bomb on a general amused him and also because dropping a bomb from a P-40 with any degree of accuracy calls for considerable experience. He kept putting the venture off, like his haircut, until he had a day coming up with nothing important on his early-morning schedule. The evening before, he told his armorer to put a bomb on his plane. "I woke up a couple of times during the night, laughing at what I was going to do in the morning," Cochran says. "In the morning I got up and climbed into my plane and went over the joint once very high, just at dawn, and nobody spotted me. I had a good look at the target and then I went around and came in from the north, which was just where they wouldn't expect me, and I made my run so low that I had to pull up to get over the building." When he tells the story, he totters forward with bent knees, like a little man carrying a big load, to show how he toted the bomb up to the target. "When I was right over the target, I let the bomb go and gave her the blossom," he says. "Then I looked over my shoulder, and there were pieces of building flying all around me. I looked over my shoulder again at the Kairouan airfield and made sure that nobody had taken off after me—or so I thought. Then I decided to have a look over the French advanced positions to see if I could spot any German tank concentrations before I went home. About forty miles from Kairouan I noticed a lot of flak. I thought that this



*"Now then, what does Madam desire?"*

was a funny place for flak, so I looked around again, and a guy in a FW-190 was shooting at me with a cannon and by that time he had shot away my right aileron and most of my tail, so I headed for home. He came after me, and I decided I would have to make a crash landing, so I started down. It was just like a movie. He got so close to me that I figured I would have to turn or he would shoot hell out of me, but the only way she would turn was to the right, and that was into him. So I fired one burst, and he gave it the blossom and went back toward Kairouan. He must have figured I had been kidding him when I'd started down. Then I said to myself, 'If she can steer at all, maybe I can get her home after all,' so I did."

At his airfield Cochran has a small entourage of admirers who give him the anxious care a singing teacher and manager expend upon an opera star. He lives in a *gourbi*, a Tunisian hut sunk into the ground and banked with sand on all sides. Unlike most *gourbis*, his has a wooden floor and walls and a tin roof, but the roof has been covered with sand and alfa grass has been planted on top for camouflage. His *gourbi* was built by a French corporal out of material foraged by a French Jewish lieutenant named Léon, who is the liaison officer between the French forces and Cochran's fliers. Only Léon, a talented forager, could even have suspected the survival of such a quantity of building material in North Africa. Léon, who lives with Cochran in the *gourbi*, likes to talk American slang; when he hears that something seems to be stirring in a certain direction, for instance, he may tell Cochran, "Up by Fondouk there is something cooking in. It is really boiling. Hot intelligence." Cochran, though he can't speak a word of Arabic, knows the terrain so well that he needs only a casual reference to any *chott* (dried lake) or *oued* (river bed) or *djebel* (mountain) to get into his plane and go there. He doesn't need a map any more.

Another resident of Cochran's *gourbi* is Captain Robert Wylie, of 1060 Park Avenue, in peacetime an executive of the American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation. Wylie, a leathery, middle-aged gentleman who won a Croix de Guerre while serving with a Yale ambulance unit in the last war, is always the first one up in the morning. He gets the stove going so that Cochran, who rises an hour before dawn, will not catch cold. Léon is a brilliant amateur cook. Whenever he thinks Cochran's appetite is failing, he prepares special dishes, which he and Wylie try to induce Cochran to eat. As a matter of fact, Cochran's appetite is good, but he neglects it because of his chronic preoccupation with flying. When he remembers that he is hungry, he wolfs quantities of scrambled eggs, accepting them gratefully from anybody who happens to be around and equipped with a mess tin to cook in. Cochran's list of chefs in Tunisia has included enlisted men, visiting Tank Corps officers, war correspondents, French pilots, and even a British booby-trap expert, who, out of consideration for Cochran, was careful not to put any high explosive in the eggs. The booby-trap man, a captain in the Royal Engineers, is continually inventing devices for blowing people up when they step on them and refers to these engines of destruction as rather amusing. He puzzles Cochran, who once said, "I can *tell* when an American is crazy."

COCHRAN was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, and his parents still live there. His father, Bernard Cochran, is a lawyer and a real-estate expert for the city government and is known to most of the population as Barney. Cochran's mother, a woman of strong character, never liked this public familiarity with her husband, so she long ago decided that she would give all her sons solid saints' names that would not lend themselves to conversion into chummy nicknames. "We got names like Paul and Philip," Cochran says. He has four brothers. "The only trouble was that my oldest brother, Paul, got the nickname of Shanty, which has been a handicap to him in his profession as a lawyer. Mother was very displeased." Shanty, who is thirty-six, is now an enlisted man in the Navy. One of Phil's younger brothers is an ensign and the youngest of the lot is an Army Air Forces cadet. "Paul used to have a beautiful contralto voice when he was a kid," Cochran recalls, "but it is bass now. Anyway, he was the means of getting me into singing as an altar boy and in a choir of fifty-two boys we had at our church. You know, 'Little Town of Bethlehem' and stuff like that. It came in handy later, when I sang with a band to work my way through college. "Erie is not a bad joint," Cochran says loyally. "There are a lot of beer clubs that you can join for fifty cents a year, so you can drink on Sunday, and the clubs are always planning to do something ambitious, like run a clambake, but it always mucks up." Cochran went to Central High School and played football, even though he then weighed only a hundred and fourteen pounds. "I was substitute for the All-State Scholastic quarterback, and I used to sit on the bench and pray for him to break his leg so I could play," he says. "It would have been horrible if he had, because I stank. But he played every minute of every game. They only sent me in once, and as I ran out on the field the gun went off and ended the game. I was so nuts about football that I wouldn't go to college until I was big enough to play, so I stayed out for two years and carried ice, the way Red Grange used to. My muscles developed, but I only weighed one twenty-eight then and I figured it was no use waiting any longer or I would just be in the ice business for life."

At Ohio State, which Cochran calls "a good poor boy's school," he worked his way through, like at least half the student body. He waited on table at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house for his meals and picked up some cash by singing with dance bands in dives around Columbus. "My longest engagement was at the Ritz," he says without pride. "That was an eatery across the street from the campus where dinner is fifty cents if you take pot roast and seventy-five cents for steak. My singing was like stealing money. Every now and then I catch myself singing 'Stormy Weather' or something else from that period of my life. I wonder I am not in prison. There was a roadhouse called Valleydale near Columbus where I used to get eight

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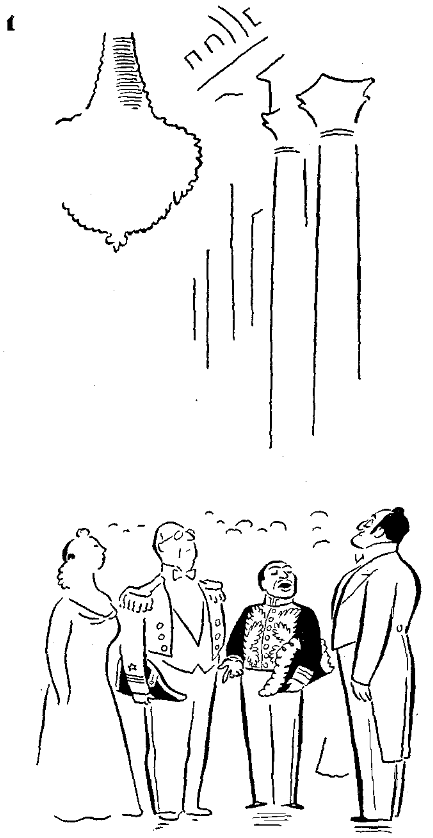
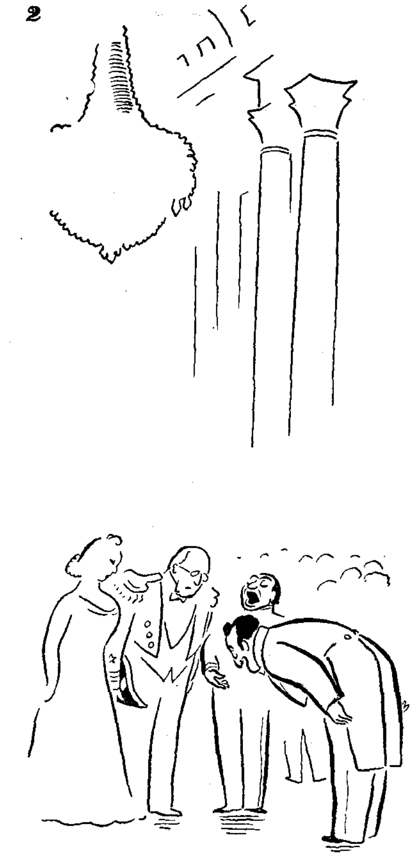


"*Admiral and Mrs. Miller, of the American Naval Mission . . .*

2



"*Señor Don Atanasio Jesús-María-Cristóbal Torres y Palencia, Conde d'Almanza y Valdez . . .*

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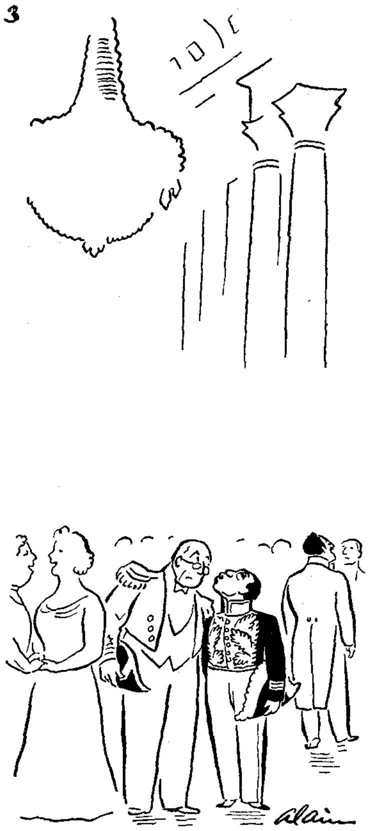


"*Is lousy German spy.*"

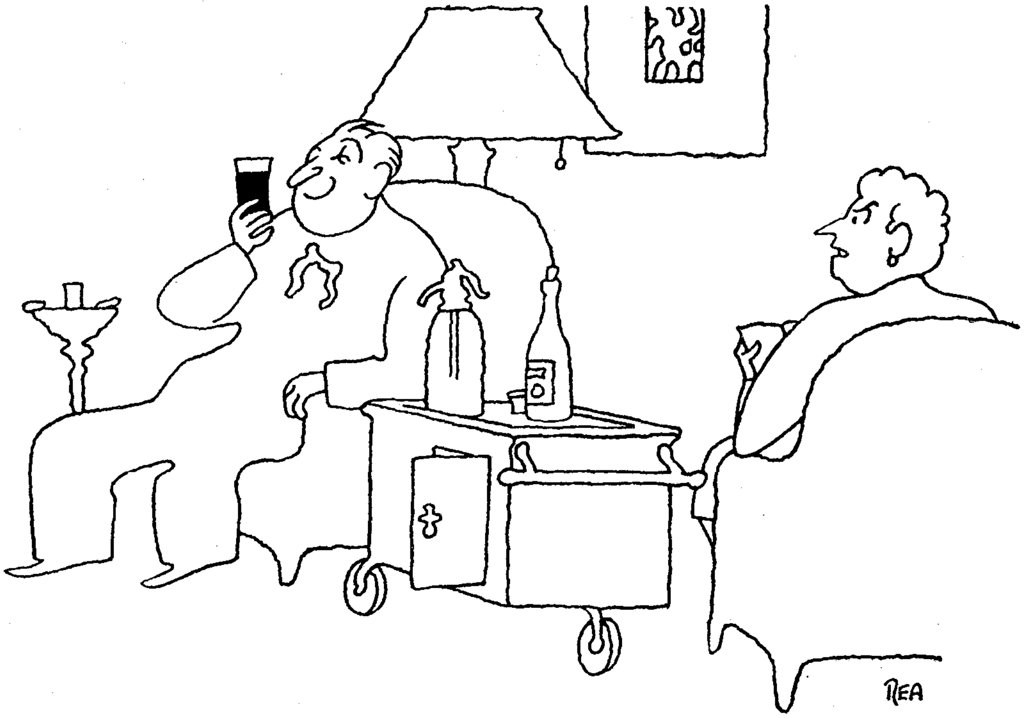
dollars a night three nights a week until the depression got terrible." Cochran's income fell off after he had finished three years of college, so he went back to Erie to regroup, as he says, and worked two years in the Hammermill paper factory. He returned to Columbus for his senior year and was graduated in 1935, when he was twenty-five. Shortly after that he decided to take an examination for the Air Forces cadets. He had never flown, but he thought he would like to. The examination was to be held in Detroit and to finance his trip from Erie he sold the gold case of a watch his maternal grandfather had left to him and played a game of semi-professional football, having by that time attained his full growth. "I never thought I'd pass the test, but I did," he says, "and so I got a blue uniform and seventy-five dollars a month for two years." He received a Reserve commission as second lieutenant in June, 1937, and remained on active service, drawing officer's pay. It wasn't until September, 1939, that Cochran got his Regular Army commission. "It took me three years and eight months to become a real second lieutenant," he remarks.

As the expansion of the Air Forces was speeded up, promotion became more rapid and he was soon a major and in command of a squadron. It was at about that time that Milton Caniff, the "Terry and the Pirates" artist, decided to document himself on aviation. "He remembered me from Ohio State," Cochran says, "so he looked me up. I had a squadron up at Groton, Connecticut, and he came up and lived with the boys and learned the lingo, and we put on dogfights for him, and he began drawing us into his strip. The Air Corps liked it because it was great stuff for recruiting. About half the people I know call me Flip now, after the comic-strip character. One thing that causes trouble, though, is that he has me—that is, Flip—all mixed up with a beautiful nurse named Taffy in this strip, and people get curious when they meet me and want to know who is Taffy. There is no Nurse Taffy, as far as I am concerned. I like hatcheck chicks and showgirls."

One of the things Cochran sometimes says when he feels lonely is "The hatcheck chicks are certainly going to catch hell when I get back to New York." He thinks the Copacabana is the finest spot in America and sometimes says he is going to spend all his time there after the war. "I had a squadron out at Mitchel Field a year ago," he says. "We were big operators. One of the fellows had a girl who was a hatcheck chick at the Larue, and when we had a new kid that didn't know his way around New York we would send him to the Larue, where he would say, 'Hello, Sport, Major Cochran sent me,' and she would say, 'Roger Wilco,' which means, in radio procedure, 'Message received. Will coöperate,' and she would see that he got along all right."

During his stay in Connecticut Cochran got his only American decoration so far, the Soldier's Medal, for rescuing a student pilot from a burning plane. He received a Croix de Guerre a couple of weeks ago for his work on the Tunisian front.

COCHRAN entered Africa by way of Casablanca. Before that, in the States, he had trained and lost a few squadrons, which were taken out from under him and shipped abroad while he was left behind to teach new batches of fliers. This made him rather



*"I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you just to go ahead and have a cold, like other people!"*

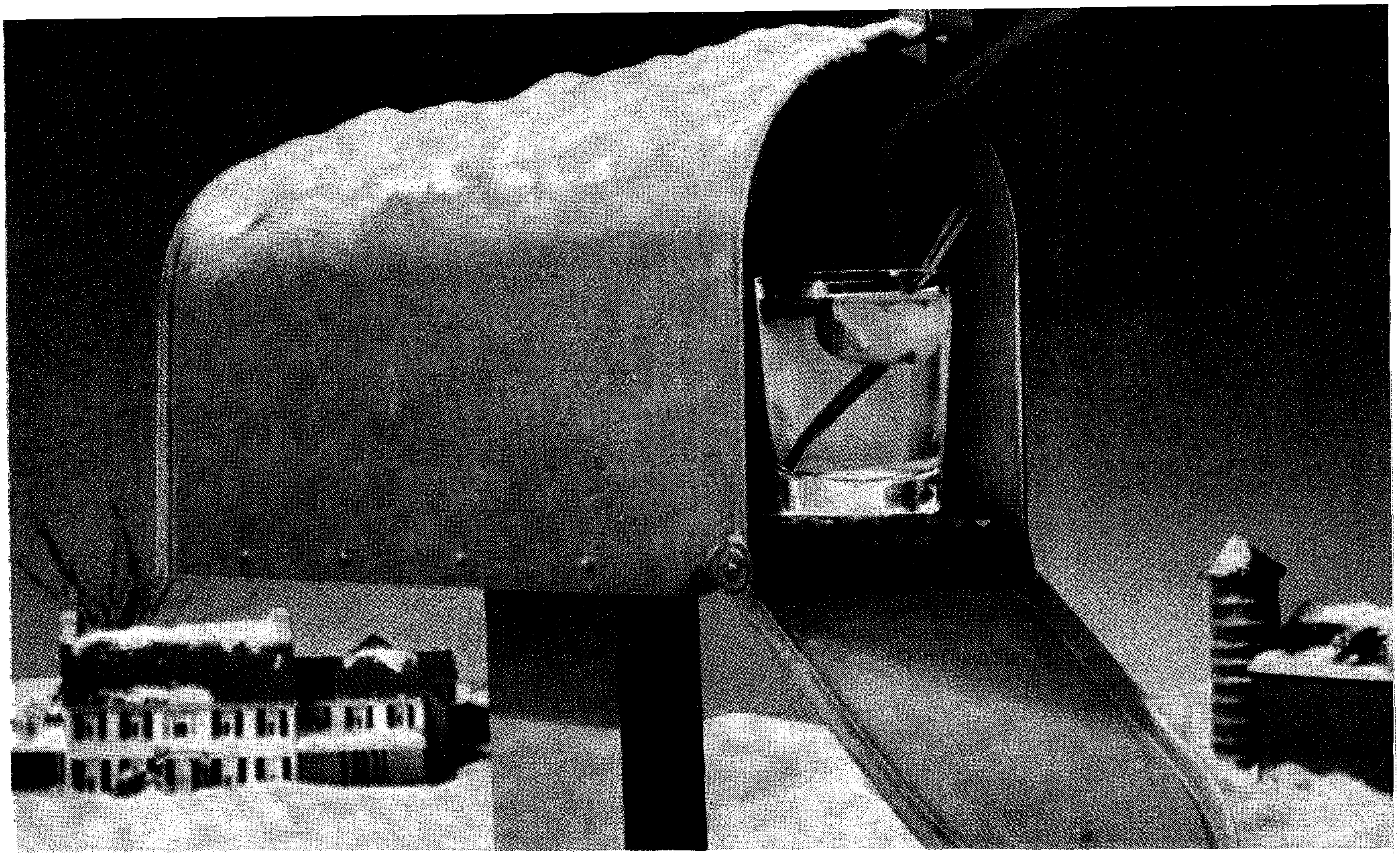
• •

irritable. Finally he was ordered to take thirty-four young fliers and thirty-five planes to Africa. The idea was that the kids were to be replacements for pilots who might be killed. Shortly after the kids arrived, they decided that since few pilots were being killed, their only chance to see action was to form their own squadron, which might get to the front by mistake even though it had no official existence. Cochran took them to Rabat, Morocco, for further training and christened them the Joker Squadron, because they had no number. They had no table of organization, no mechanics, no mess fund, and no medical attendance, and they sponged on other outfits. Sometimes they messed with an infantry regiment which, as Cochran puts it, they found in the brush, and sometimes with a unit of engineers. They slept in pup tents and went to a French military hospital with their afflictions. They practiced gunnery by towing canvas engine covers aloft and firing at them. By the time the higher echelons of the Twelfth Air Force staff, which had jurisdiction over them, discovered what they were up to and ordered their dispersal, a number of the boys had developed into pretty hot pilots. Cochran, who was now a major without a command or function, was directed to take his seven brightest pupils and fly to Tunisia, where they were to be posted to some squadron or other. When they got to an airport called Oudjda, in eastern Morocco, another order came through grounding the seven Joker pilots and assigning their planes to more experienced men. Cochran was ordered to stop at Oudjda, too, but he flew on alone anyway, since by that time he was getting fed up with not fighting. He reversed the procedure of the celebrated soldier who made an advance to the rear, by telling airport officials at every stop in his journey that he was going back to Casablanca and then taking off and flying east.

When Cochran finally arrived at an airfield in southern Tunisia, he found a squadron of P-40 fighters on a bare plain without much idea of what they were doing or should do there. Southern Tunisia was sketchily defended by a few French battalions with about twenty-five rounds of rifle ammunition to a man, a few old seventy-fives, and a few score American parachutists. Luckily, the German and Italian forces in the region were small, but it was evident that this was a critical area, into which Rommel might move from the southeast to form a junction with the Axis forces in Tunisia. Or Axis troops in Tunisia, if dislodged by the Allies before Rommel moved, might attempt to join him in Tripolitania. The situation called for officers who were good at guessing, bluffing, and guerrilla tactics, and Cochran found himself in the spot he had dreamed of all his military life. He was not officially in command of the airfield, but he ranked any officer there and was moreover the only one of the lot with much idea of what to do in such an irregular situation. "So I called the boys together one day after they had mucked up something terrible on a raid by following the wrong line of railroad track and getting lost and finding the wrong target and having their rump shot off, and I told them I was going to run the field," Cochran says. "It was just like something you'd see in a movie. After that Léon came here, and the French began to call us up and tell us about tanks and trucks they saw on different roads, and we would go out and look for them, and quite often they were there. We were big operators. One day Captain Levi Chase, my operations officer, went out by himself and destroyed eighty-four trucks and a few guns. We must have destroyed about three hundred trucks altogether, and for the last three weeks, incidentally, the Germans and Italians haven't moved a truck over a road anywhere in Tunisia by daylight.

"After doing that for a while, we got to know the country pretty well ourselves and began to think of other things to do. We knew the enemy had only about a dozen locomotives on all the little lines down here, so we got to blasting them, and also went after oil dumps and munition dumps. Chase was the best man I ever saw at spotting those things from the air. One time he strafed a lot of haystacks and they all exploded, proving he was right. We used to hunt light tanks all over southern Tunisia. We would strafe them with our fifty-calibre machine guns and they would play dead, and then at night the crews would run them into Arab courtyards or dry gullies and camouflage them, and we would have to find them again and shoot some more holes in them before they could be repaired. We didn't have armament to blast them, but we kept them out of action. We would observe troop movements and report them to the French and then go back and strafe them, and the French would occupy one more town.

"Then the people back at headquarters saw we were doing so well that they sent us a squadron of bombers to fool around with, and we had fun thinking up bombing missions and then escorting the bombers. Escorting is nice, clean work for fighters. It is a thing they are supposed to do in textbooks. A lot of fighter pilots at home would think that



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*Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.*

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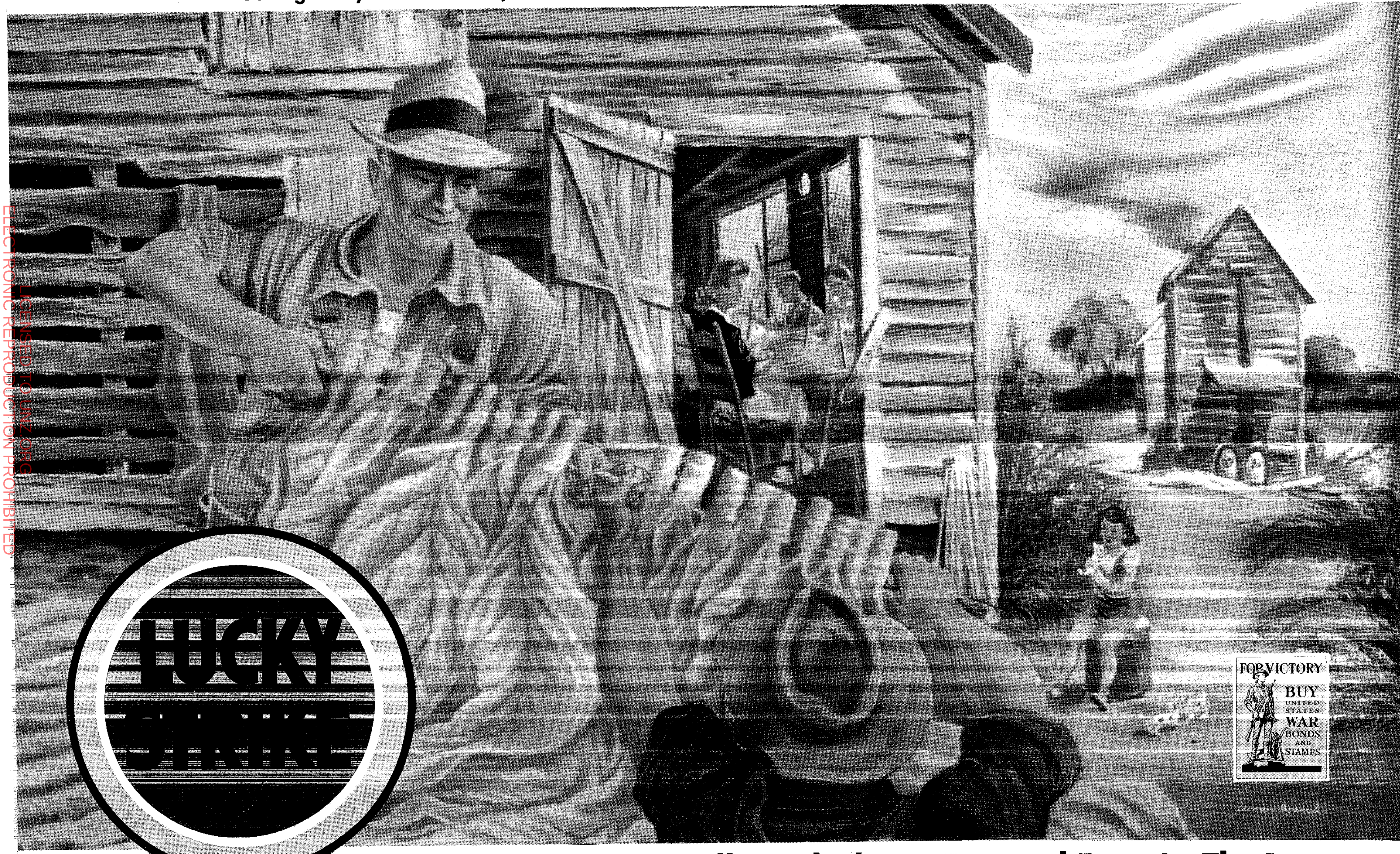
**ROSES**

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof*

# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.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So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw wrecking transport and strafing tanks and giving ground cover was unconventional. A P-40 can't climb like a German fighter or dive like one, and they can pull away from us on the straight, but it has quite a wallop and it can take an awful beating and bring you home safe. If you know how to use a P-40, you can get a Messerschmitt or even a Focke-Wulf 190. You just have to wait for them to dive and then turn into them as they get down to your level. If you climb after them, they've got you. In our first month of operations we got thirteen planes for six and we only had one pilot killed."

COCHRAN has a high respect for German fliers. "They are big operators," he told two war correspondents not long ago. "They are very methodical Joes. When they are going to start an offensive, they lay off you, conserving their forces. Then, when they think you are going to attack, they attack you to draw you and get you off balance. They expect you to play it the same way. I am in favor of attacking hell out of them all the time, and then they never know what to expect. Another thing they do is let you get away with something a couple of times and pretend they don't notice it and then come in and catch you right. For instance, the way our transport planes come up here and land on the field and stay right where they land until they take off again. I used to send out and tell them I wouldn't have my men service them until they dispersed, but it's no use. Someday those guys are going to get it." Cochran delivered himself of this particular speech while saying goodbye to the two correspondents, who were walking down to the runway to board a transport. Ten minutes later one correspondent was hiding under a jeep and the other was lying flat on his belly on the runway while sixteen-millimetre explosive shells from some Messerschmitts were digging furrows all around them and miraculously missing them and the transports. "If I keep on calling the turn like that," Cochran said afterward, "I will find myself up on Park Avenue after the war with a thing around my head, charging twenty-five dollars a reading."

—A. J. LIEBLING

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THE THEATRE

## THE BORE THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN

THIS department had a busy time last week, but I'm afraid it wasn't an especially rewarding one. The main problem unquestionably was a performance called "Counterattack" which showed up Wednesday at the Windsor. One of the troubles with this play, an adaptation from the Russian by Janet and Philip Stevenson, is that it portrays the war on the Eastern Front in a curiously genial light. Two Russians and seven or eight disarmed Germans, including a beautiful nurse, are trapped in the cellar of a crumbling house. For reasons with which I have no intention of burdening you, it is necessary for the Red soldiers to discover which of their captives is a commissioned officer and also—you will just have to take my word for this—not to kill anybody in the process. To a realist, it should be apparent that any competent member of the Hempstead, L.I., police department could hammer or otherwise cajole this information out of the prisoners in half an hour at the outside. Our allies, however, appear to be scrupulous men, permitting themselves nothing more drastic than the question-and-answer method, so their inquiry goes on forever, rather like the testimony in the Errol Flynn case. While this humane spirit certainly provides the Stevensons with a play, I'm sorry to say that it doesn't seem to be a very good one, being neither truth, nor art, nor good red melodrama.

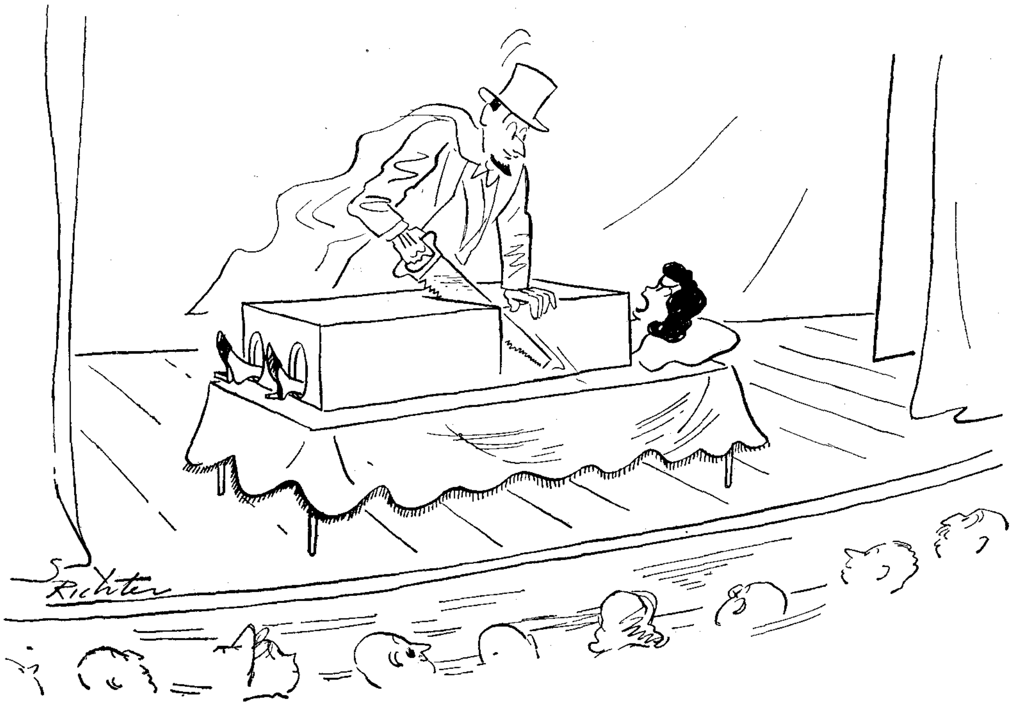
In addition to the improbability of its central theme, "Counterattack" suffers from a more than usually heavy dose of propaganda (practically all Nazis, you gather, are prepared to change sides at the drop of a slogan), a reiteration of melodramatic devices (almost every time you look at the stage somebody is creeping up on an unconscious Russian), and a distinctly maniacal love affair (I have the greatest admiration for Barbara O'Neil, but what rational purpose she is supposed to be serving at the Windsor I haven't the slightest idea).

I don't mean by any of this that "Counterattack" is without its virtues. There are quite a few notable performances, particularly those given by Morris Carnovsky, Martin Wolfson, and Sam Wanamaker; some eloquent and exciting passages; and a setting by John Root that actually does seem about to tumble down around everybody's ears, precisely as demanded by the script. None of these things, though, is quite enough, and the Stevensons' piece, I guess, must be added to the long list of casualties so far exacted by the war. Margaret Webster, incidentally, is the director and has arranged for a succession of sound effects guaranteed to keep you alert if not happy.

THE next subject for dissection, an oddity called "A Barber Had Two Sons," also deals with the war and involves an impressive amount of bloodshed but practically no intelligence. The scene this time is laid in a Norwegian village where the natives are preparing to assist an Allied invasion. The principal characters are a female barber; her two sons, one a man of action from the sea, the other a sensitive artist who collects Turner lithographs; and a young woman whose love life might amuse Catherine of Russia. These people, assisted by a collection of whimsical local types and villainous Nazi officers, spend the evening slitting one another's throats, dropping bodies down a very convenient trapdoor, planning to blow up everything in sight, and behaving generally like the figures in a wartime comic strip. In spite of all this superheated activity, however, the play is moderately silly and not recommended to your civilized attention. Like the too amiable Muscovites in "Counterattack," by the way, the Norwegians seem to have qualities not altogether reassuring in an ally: when anybody in Norway is about to execute a little sabotage the first thing he does is to tell everybody else about it, including comparative strangers.

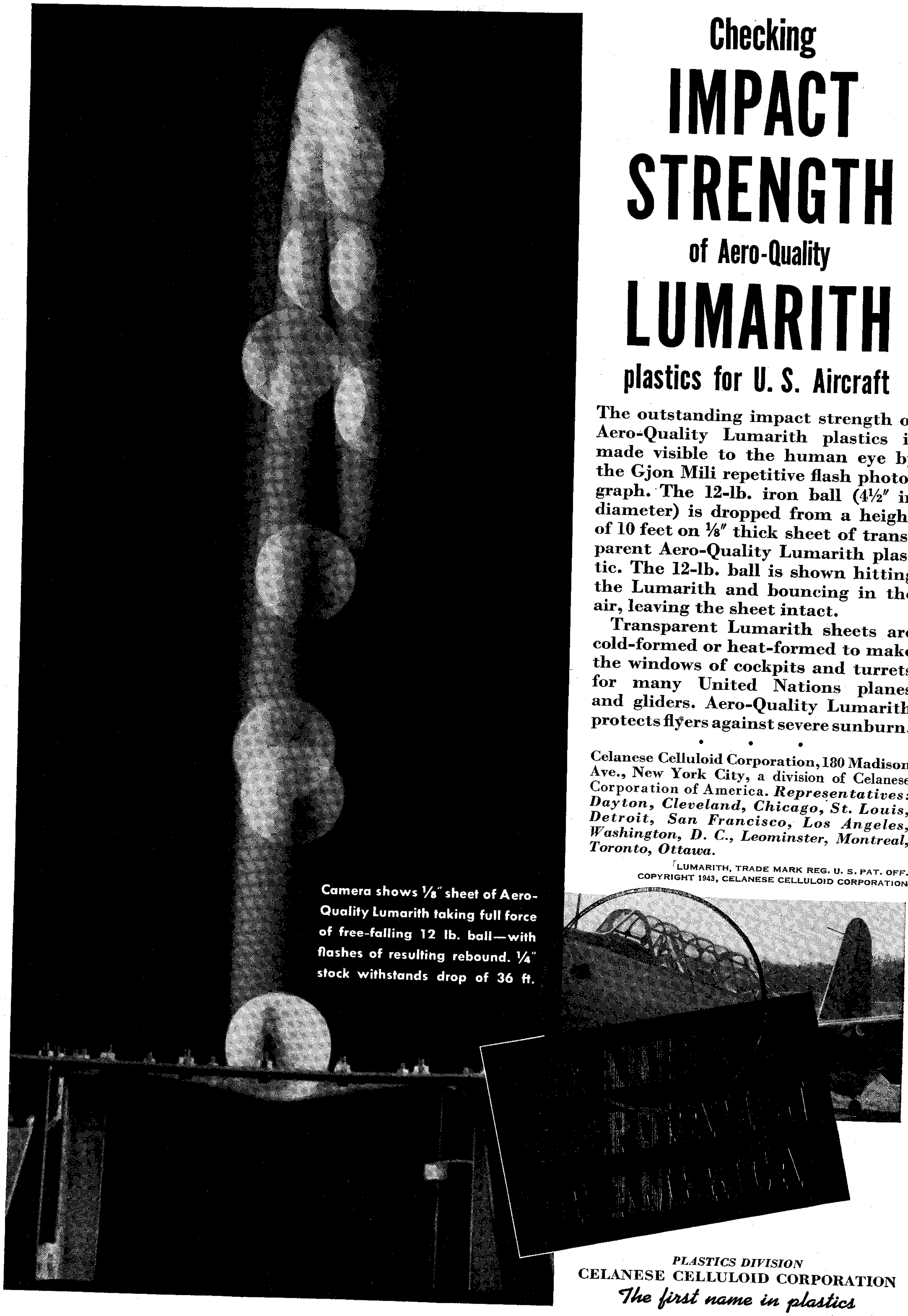
The cast at the Playhouse involves Blanche Yurka, who is never going to get a chance to cut *my* hair; Tutta Rolf, an authentic Norse, apparently; Richard Powers; and Walter Brooke. Phil Raguel's set sometimes has the air of being composed entirely of doors, including the one in the floor.

ROLAND YOUNG, a gifted fox terrier of a man, returned to us last week in "Ask My Friend Sandy," a comedy that seemed rather promising for one act and then collapsed into the saddest possible foolishness. The author was convinced that it would be funny if a socially minded publisher could be persuaded to give all his



*"Ouch!"*

# Checking IMPACT STRENGTH of Aero-Quality LUMARITH plastics for U. S. Aircraft



Camera shows ⅛" sheet of Aero-Quality Lumarith taking full force of free-falling 12 lb. ball—with flashes of resulting rebound. ¼" stock withstands drop of 36 ft.

The outstanding impact strength of Aero-Quality Lumarith plastics is made visible to the human eye by the Gjon Mili repetitive flash photograph. The 12-lb. iron ball (4½" in diameter) is dropped from a height of 10 feet on ⅛" thick sheet of transparent Aero-Quality Lumarith plastic. The 12-lb. ball is shown hitting the Lumarith and bouncing in the air, leaving the sheet intact.

Transparent Lumarith sheets are cold-formed or heat-formed to make the windows of cockpits and turrets for many United Nations planes and gliders. Aero-Quality Lumarith protects flyers against severe sunburn.

• • •

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Janie
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Laugh
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CLIFFORD HAYMAN'S dramatic sensation
"MAKES MURDER A PARLOR PASTIME"—LIFE
LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE
HARRY
HUDSON 44th St. E. of B'way. Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 21 & 22

money to the government, and for a little while it was. Mr. Young's conversion by a young soldier possessing all the more singular features of William Saroyan and a member of the Brain Trust; his wife's indignant departure and his partner's amazement; his servants' reaction to an experiment in total democracy involving taking them to a party in Harlem—all these things, assisted by Mr. Young's expert portrayal of a man seduced equally by alcohol and eloquence, had a sort of brisk novelty about them. Having gone so far, however, the playwright had clearly used up his inspiration, and the rest was only a rather desperate attempt to go on with an anecdote whose point had long since been made. Mr. Young was abetted by Norman Lloyd, Mary Sargent, and four or five others, including an unfortunate actor who is obliged to impersonate a drunken Chinaman. "Sandy" is, or was, at the Biltmore.

"FOR YOUR PLEASURE," at the Mansfield, is a night-club floor show unwisely deprived of the refreshments. In it you will see a celebrated pair of ballroom dancers called Veloz and Yolanda; Vicente Gomez, a guitarist; Bill Gary, a young man clearly under the impression that he is Paul Draper; Jerry Shelton, who plays the accordion; four colored and melodious gentlemen known as the Golden Gate Quartet; and a few others who hadn't turned up by the time I decided to go out and look for a place with a few waiters in it. "For Your Pleasure" undoubtedly employs some very interesting talent. It just doesn't happen to belong in a theatre.—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Lithe and lovely Dorothy sits brushing her glistening golden tresses in the soft light of her lush boudoir. She is a typical café-society gadfly who does not realize that in total war "decorative leisure is out." As Dorothy strokes her luxurious locks Sugi Yaggi, the houseboy, stealthily enters her bedroom. Dorothy, who thinks he is a friendly, faithful Chinese, is surprised but not yet outraged by this operation. "What do you want?" she asks. Sugi leers, lust lurking in his beady eyes behind his thick glasses. "You!" he purrs in perfect English.—*Life.*

He's had lessons somewhere.

•

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"Enormously Funny"
—Atkinson, Times
STAR AND GARTER
with
BOBBY CLARK
GYPSY ROSE LEE
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W 45 St.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Both Productions Staged by HASSARD SHORT

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In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
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BENAY VENUTA RONALD GRAHAM NANETTE FABRAY
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Fred F. Finklehoffe presents
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SHOWTIME
Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun. $1.10-$2.75. (Sat. $1.10-$3.30.) Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-$1.65
HOLIDAY MATINEES FEB. 12th & 22nd

"A Delicious Comedy ..A Smash Hit!"
—Rascoe, World-Telegram
JED HARRIS
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DARK EYES
Eugenie LEONTOVICH Elena MIRAMOVA Jay FASSETT
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Michael Myerberg presents
Tallulah BANKHEAD * Fredric MARCH * Florence ELDRIDGE
in
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A new comedy by
THORNTON WILDER
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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
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ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
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A new Comedy by
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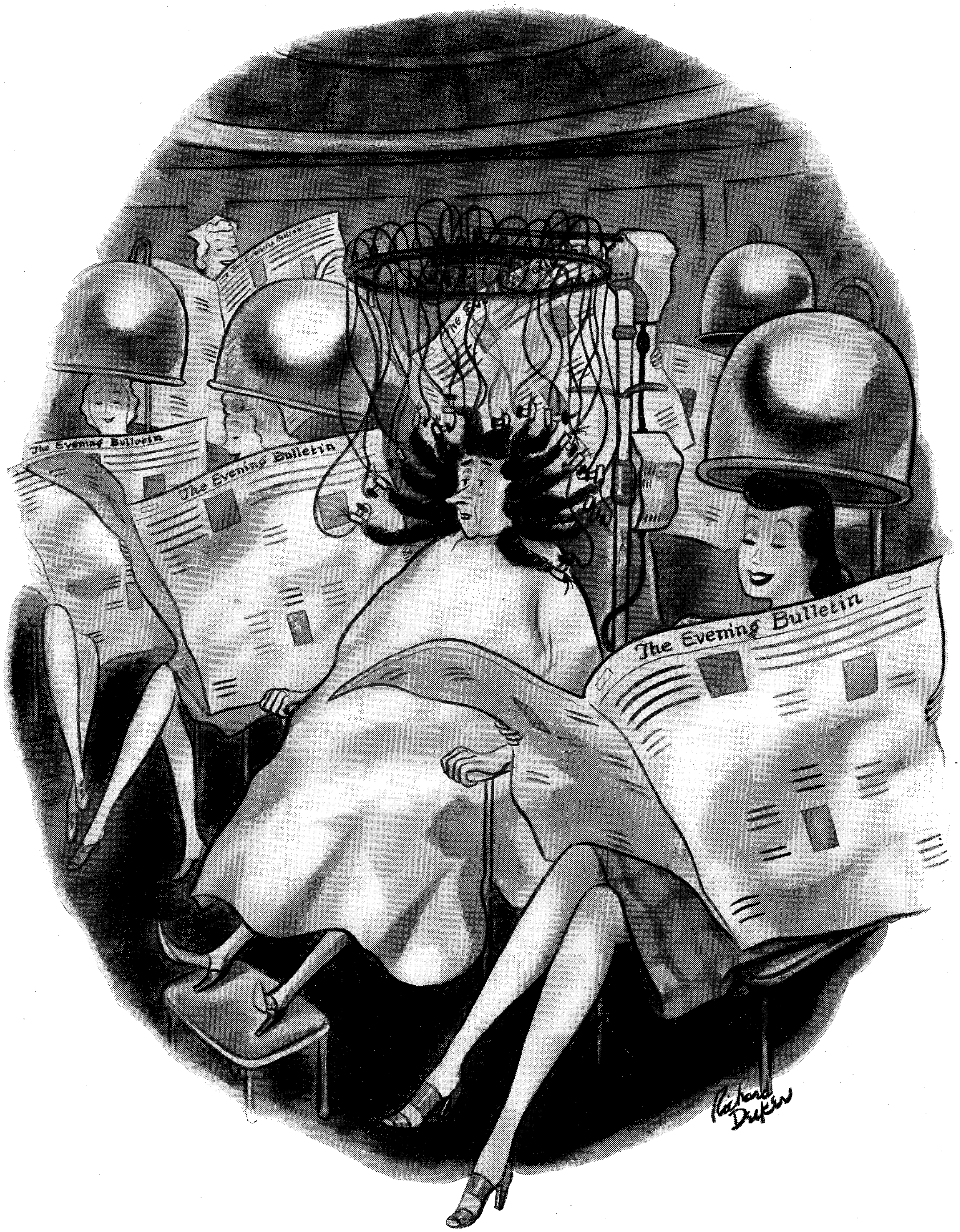
SONS O' FUN
"Craziest succession of laughs ever..."
—LIFE
WINTER GARDEN, B'y & 50th. Evgs. at 8:30
2 Shows Feb. 12th. Sat. & Sun. No perf. Mon.


The Evening Bulletin
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Richard Decker

***In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin***

We'll just pass up the one dissenting vote in the picture above without comment and observe instead (casually, of course) that 4 out of 5 families in the *city of homes* read The Evening Bulletin. And observe further that it is this *concentration of coverage* that gives extra power to The Bulletin's circulation* of over 600,000.

**Largest evening newspaper in America.*

*(Advertisement)*

# OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.
JANUARY 28

EVEN in the national capital, home of the small-town four-digit telephone number and the big-shot five-digit extension, people manage to take things in a pretty good imitation of their accustomed stride. When the ruling against pleasure driving first became effective here, many young officers decided (and there is nothing more determined than a j.g. fresh out of Quonset) to ignore it, each harboring the quiet delusion that gold braid rates special privilege in Washington. But it wasn't twenty-four hours before their wagon was fixed by the sheer force of example set by the old sea dogs and brass hats—in plenty of time to avoid a test of strength between the civilian OPA and the shavetails. On the first Saturday night after the new restrictions became effective, journalists rushed to their typewriters to report having seen a number of Important Government Wives riding, lonely in their limousines, to parties. Others photographed the Berles, pedalling to dinner on a tandem bike, as conspicuous patriots. The unpublicized show, however, was on the trolley cars and buses. Admirals, as earnest as boys undertaking a new adventure, gravely helped dowagers in pearls and gold lamé aboard the Trinidad bus and subsequently, so I hear, across the greensward that separates the bus stop from the Army and Navy Country Club in Arlington, where a shindig was on. One young captain who drove to his colonel's for cocktails before dinner ("after all, I'm under orders to report there," he told his bride) guiltily sneaked away from the party and hid his Chevrolet around the block, returning just as his superior officers, bubbling with the spirit of adventure, were leading their ladies toward the nearest trolley stop.

It has been instructive, too, to observe wives who, before their husbands became officials in Washington, spent big pieces of executive salaries on servants, as they cheerily settle down in a house that a fifty-dollar-a-week young couple would scoff at if it were in Forest Hills. Many such women are accepting the situation blithely and are forever disappearing in the middle of cocktails to stoke a furnace, experimenting with a gadget called a monkey wrench when confronted with a leaky pipe, and trying to learn to cook on a wood stove—and with a wood shortage, yet! Those interminable and lugubrious servant-problem stories you used to hear at hen parties are now regarded as hilarious anecdotes. "I asked my Bertha if she would please clean the silver the other day," one young matron gaily reported to her friends recently, "and she said, 'What's the matter? We goin' to have company? Who's comin'?' " Formerly bad-tempered household tyrants, whose homes used to quake if the champagne wasn't iced properly, now come home and ask shyly, "Did Clarisse show up today?" Yankees, at first baffled by the present power of the colored race in what is essentially a Southern city, do their best to keep straight faces when they hear some such dialogue as this between a Dixie ("We know how to handle them") hostess and her maid: "Why, Lena, you didn't come to work yesterday, did you?" "No, Ma'am, I didn't." "You could have phoned, Lena." "Yes, Ma'am. I could of." One Virginia matron I know has been trying for ten days to find a tactful way to ask her colored nurse please not to wear a zoot suit—narrow, cuffed green pants and plaid jacket—when she takes the baby for an airing. This type of dilemma, shared by Northern and Southern matrons alike, should eventually unite us all.

THERE is one forlorn class of people, however, to whom the local scene is not by any stretch of the imagination gay. I refer to the desk-job officers, sneered at by civilians as "paper majors" and "ground-swell commanders." The wretches sit day after day at their desks, often doing the same jobs they once performed for vast sums in civilian life. They swelter in summer and freeze in winter, and the long weekend is not for them. For them, at the end of a day that at this time of year starts long before sunrise, there is no comfortable home-and-mortgage with the lights twinkling, no makings of a drink before the fire, no special treat simmering in the kitchen. For them there is the crowded trolley car, the stop to pick up the laundry, the jammed cafeteria. In every restaurant in Washington you'll see the despised paper officer dining alone with his evening paper, occasionally glancing wistfully at some chattering group of young people at the next table who have ganged up to go to the movies. After this what faces him is the room that he found, after such a long search, at the boarding house, where he is sure to discover that all the hot water has been used up by the many people who got to the bathroom before him. Considering such a program, which is followed week in and week out, you can readily understand why the Army and Navy buildings house so many men deep in thought, scheming and pondering and evolving plots by which they can get out of Washington to Iceland, to Guadalcanal—anywhere. It must be annoying to senior officers, also shackled to desks though they may wear Annapolis rings and know all about commanding a cruiser, to hear brats six months out of brokerage offices beg to be allowed to go out into the North Atlantic. But they understand.

And when one such brat, by masterly finagling, finally gets himself sent to Alaska or assigned to a carrier headed for North Africa, do his brother officers slap him on the back and make those good-luck-old-boy movie speeches? They do not. His pals sneer bitterly and, as their colleague jubilantly leaves the office, saying, "So long, suckers," they are likely to let out one mighty yell of "Coward!" —LIPSTICK

•

SIR: My family has a cat to which we are deeply attached. He has one disturbing habit, however; that of licking the table butter. My boy friend, whom I like very much, becomes very annoyed at this when he hears about it. Every time there is a report that the cat has been licking the butter my boy friend and I quarrel. The family, including myself, have such an affection for the cat that we would hate to lose it. But I like this boy very much and it would be hard to part with him. Would some kind reader please tell me whether I should get rid of the cat or my boy friend?
DEEPLY DISTRESSED
—*Letter in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

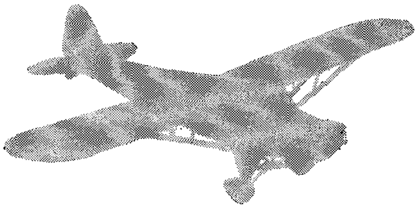
Hang onto them both—there soon won't be any butter.

•

### HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From Pola Negri's autobiography in the American Weekly*]

My heart beat wildly as I stared up at him, then dropped helplessly back on the couch.



# IS A WOMAN EVER... TOO OLD TO FLY?

APPARENTLY NOT! Last year a flying grandmother soloed from Michigan to Bellingham, Washington—took her 90-year old father for his first ride—flew over Mount Baker—and calmly returned to Ann Arbor.

And never do women seem too young, with school girls learning to fly as easily and deftly as learning to drive a car.

From the teens to the grandmothers there are 8,100,000 American women who read Good Housekeeping.

Among them are countless thousands whose interests impinge on the airplane and air transport.

There are wives and mothers of commercial and military flyers. (In a Long Island suburb near La Guardia Field 6 out of 8 airline executives' and pilots' wives read Good Housekeeping.)

There are wives and mothers who travel by air, alone or with their husbands and children. There are women and girls who build and operate and fly planes themselves.

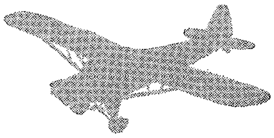
There are women who own much of the capital stock of the entire aviation industry.

Women, from Harriet Quimby in 1909, through Amy Mollison and Amelia Earhart to the present era of intercontinental flight, have shared with men the glorious triumph of flying.

Today their part is more vital, more important, more influential than ever.

Isn't it about time to tell women the woman's side of the story in the women's magazines?

And tell it first in Good Housekeeping, because it is *read more keenly, by more women per copy, than any other woman's magazine.*



## DO YOU REMEMBER THAT WOMEN...

**are helping design airplanes**

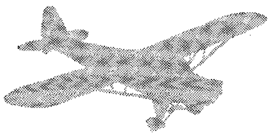
**are operating flying fields**

**are meteorologists for the air transport companies**

**are airline radio operators**

**are airline executives**

**are authoritative writers on air power**



**Good Housekeeping**

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**THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ON "WOMAN'S SHARE IN AVIATION"**

# ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

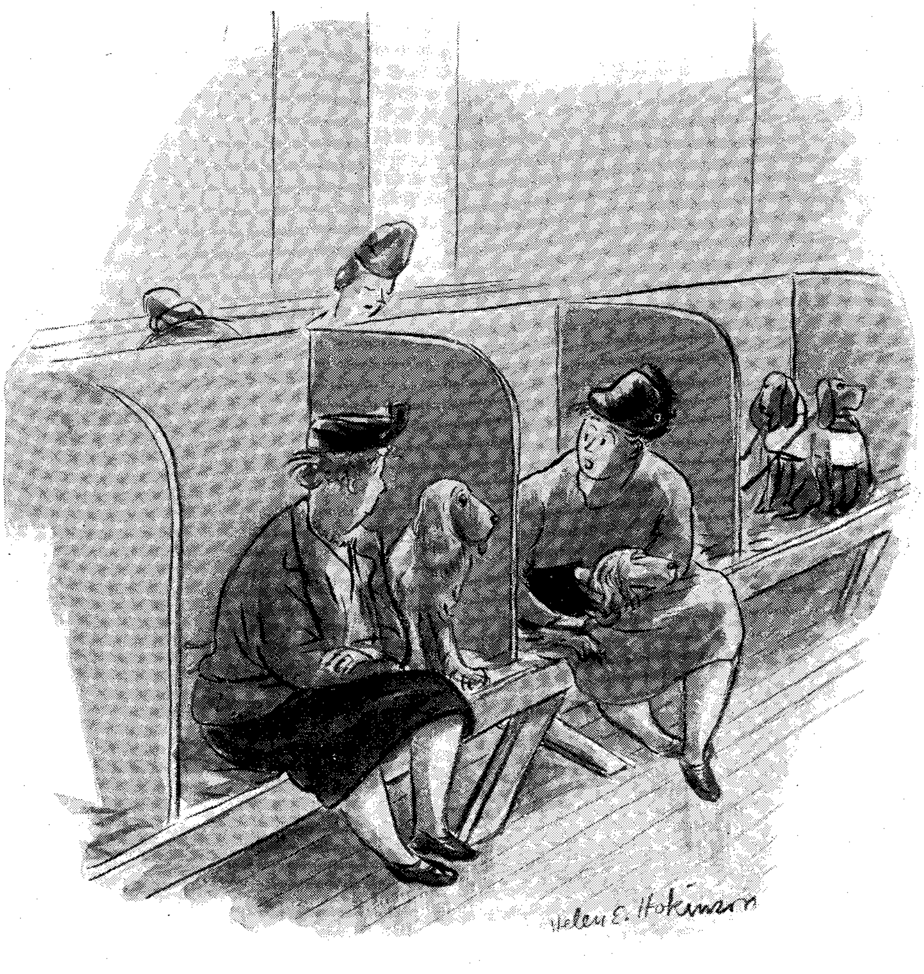
## INERTRUM, NEUTRONIUM, CHROMALOY, P-P-P-PROOT!

ONE of the most contented minorities in the country today is a group of some quarter-million Americans, most of them of high-school age or older, who spend in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars a month to project themselves by means of literature into the intergalactic regions, those chilly reaches outside the solar system where stelline-sheathed space ships, with astrogators at their antigravity propulsion throttles, roam the ecliptic lanes. When these readers are not that far away, they are hobnobbing with the inhabitants of Venus or else comforting themselves with the thought that on Mars lives a fellow named Ang-Ar, who is sympathetic toward the United Nations and stands ready, the instant we need him, to toss a few things in his overnight bag and hurry to Washington with a working model of his disintegrating ray, which is powerful enough to de-atomize any known element, including Nazis. This audience composes what might be called the stupefied section of the reading public. The literature these people admire is known as science fiction, and it appears in a dozen or so magazines entitled *Amazing Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Super Science Stories*, *Astounding Science Fiction*, *Science Fiction Stories*, *Fantastic Adventures*, and so on. These magazines are doing all right; they sell for from ten to twenty-five cents a copy and carry considerable amounts of presumably lucrative and certainly intimate advertising, aimed at both old and young, under such headings as "Backache?" and "Stop Scratching! Relieve Itch Fast—or Money Back."

There is an almost touching rapport between science-fiction readers, editors, and authors, and readers often correspond with one another as well. "Hannah Bryant, 27, Elizabeth St., Redfern, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia," runs a note in the Correspondence Corner of *Amazing Stories*, "wants correspondents, any age, in any part of the world." Another reader is more particular: "Chester Hoey, 301 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., would like to correspond with girls around 25 years of age." In addressing the editors, the readers seem to feel quite at ease and don't mind putting in a word of friendly criticism. "Don't you think you slipped on 'The Day Time Stopped Moving'?" inquires E. C. Culifford, Jr., of 3834 Gardner St., Berkley, Michigan. "Thought the choice of articles they used for the completing circuit would have burned if they could have gotten them into place, but how could they pick up the articles or separate them when they had piled them in the middle of the floor?"

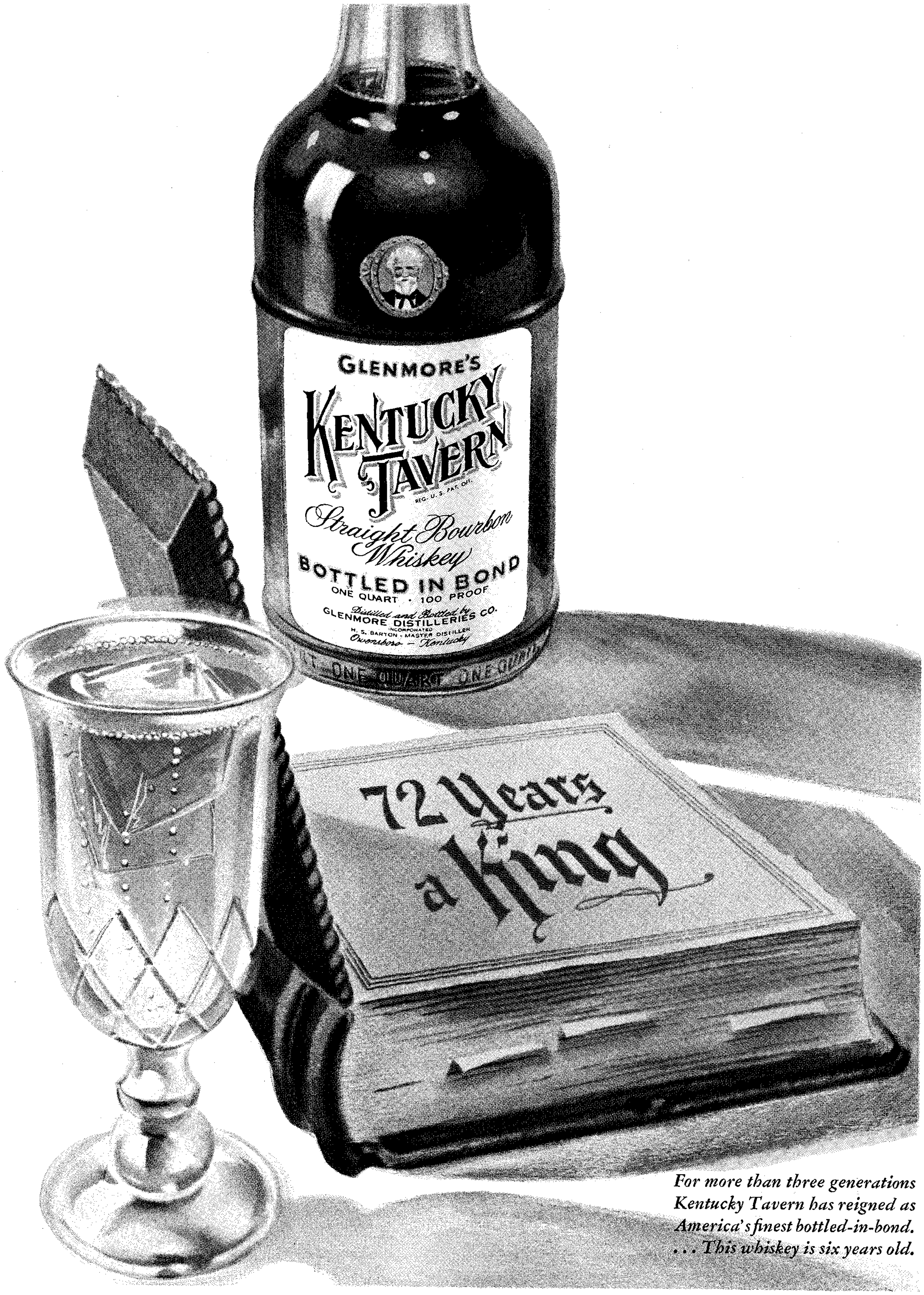
Another reader makes it clear that little or no wool can be pulled over his eyes. "In your October issue," he writes, "the stories I liked best were, in the order named, (1) 'Revolt on Io,' (2) 'The Invisible World,' (3) 'The Voyage That Lasted 600 Years.' The latter seemed sort of outlandish, but a possibility at that." A similarly grudging reader says, "Although I don't like serials, am enjoying 'West Point 3000 A.D.' Still can't understand the Martians being at West Point, though."

SINCE April, 1911, when the magazine *Modern Electrics* published the first science-fiction story, the technique by which these readers are amazed, thrilled, astonished, and in general made to sit with their mouths open has been improved in several respects. Today, for example, you would not be likely to find an author guilty of any such *gaffe* as that committed by Hugo Gernsback when he wrote *Modern Electric's* trail-blazing science-fiction story. In this piece, Mr. Gernsback rather overambitiously allowed himself in at least one particular to go off half-cocked. His hero was named Ralph 124C41, which at first glance seems a clever notion; the idea of people having last names in the manner of card indexes is both modern and striking, and when it dawns on you that Ralph's last name, decoded, is "one to foresee for one" you can't help muttering "Gosh!" Unfortunately, however, you haven't gone more than a page in this story before you meet Alice 212B423. She is described as luscious; you accept the author's word for this and then settle down to figure out what her name means. When you discover that it means nothing at all you are keenly irritated, and you don't feel any better when you meet the villain, Fernand 60O10, a



*"I know who she'd be crazy about—that little Mitchell dog up in Scarsdale."*

# THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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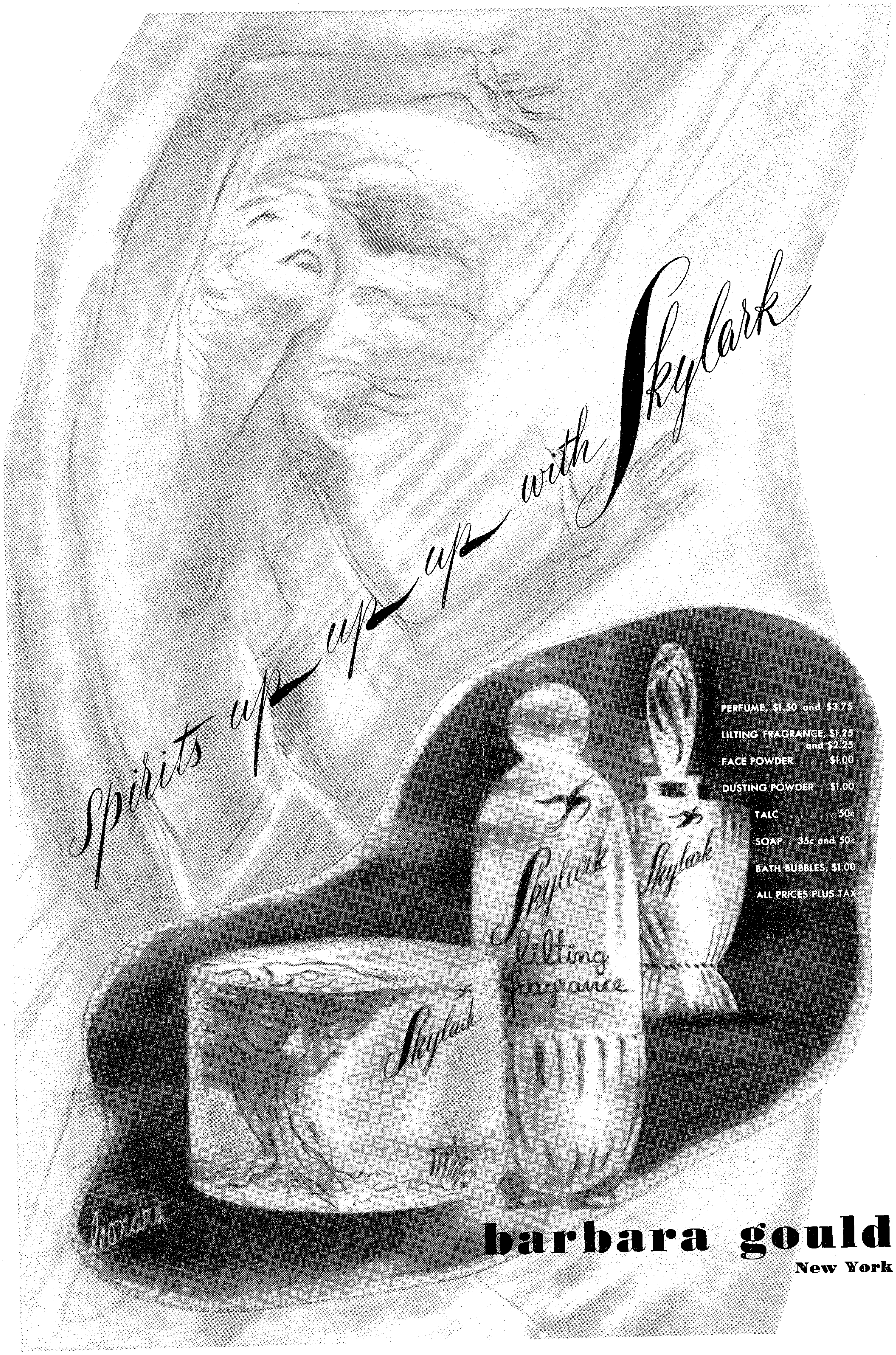
Spirits up up up with Skylark
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| BATH BUBBLES, | $1.00 |

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

page or two later on and discover that his name doesn't mean anything either. You come to the conclusion that the author simply bit off more than he could chew when he made up the name Ralph 124C41.

Another flaw in this early science-fiction story is not so much the fault of a shortcoming on the author's part as of the unimaginative and ultraconservative condition of the readers at that time. Before starting off to Mars, the author found it necessary to explain how his hero's space ship was made, and this tedious passage was the result:

> The inventor, 969L9, took a large hollow sphere (the rotor) inside of which he built a number of independent gyroscopes, all of which traveled in fixed orbits. The large sphere which hung in a gyroscopic frame was made to spin around on its axis at great speed. This sphere thus acted as the flywheel of a gyroscope and as such was not influenced by the so-called *horizontal gravity*. As in the case of simple gyroscopes, its axis would always be in a vertical line as long as the spheric rotor was in motion. If, however, the independent gyroscopes inside of the sphere were set in motion by means of electrical current, the *Vertical Gravity* (weight) was overcome, the entire contrivance rising into the air, its rising (lifting) speed being directly proportional to the speed of the enclosed gyroscope rotors.

Today any science-fiction connoisseur would know exactly how to put together a space ship in his own backyard, and the science-fiction authors do not have to build their ships under their readers' eyes. Their characters can just get in and start off. For example, Curt Newton, a wizardman of science to whose activities almost the entire quarterly magazine *Captain Future* is devoted, was able to set out in the winter of 1940 without any fanfare whatever in Comet, which is simply described as "a queer little ship, shaped oddly like an elongated teardrop, and driven by muffled rocket-tubes."

Names of characters have been simplified during the years, along with details of space-ship construction. In a typical up-to-the-minute science-fiction story today you have a couple named Dan Allen and Jane Peters; when they make their first stop in space, they run into people with names that might plausibly appear in a newspaper headline, such as Emperor Yojohima and General von Merkel. Science-fiction writers are aware of the war, but to most of them it is fairly small potatoes, being, when you come right down to it, merely a one-planet affair; they are inclined to introduce wondermen from Venus or Mars who could, if asked, put a stop to our terrestrial bickerings by three this afternoon, or to describe the bigger and better wars of the future, which they like to think of as interstellar conflicts involving invasions by man-eating trees, elephant-size ants, and any number of death-dealing rays. In the early science-fiction stories the earthmen would set out without taking any women along, like so many old-fashioned Hemingway characters on a fishing trip; then they would find a Martian or Venutian princess being put upon by an evil uncle-in-law, and the rest of the story would concern itself somewhat tediously with her rescue. Today the earthmen take their earthwomen with them, with the result that in the *Amazing* story "Battering Rams of Space," for example, the author is able to create a love interest within the first fifty words, thus:

> "Until these stone walls crumble away," the beautiful girl in Lester Allison's arms breathed.
>
> "We'll be married this very hour," said Allison softly.
>
> Together they had braved death in these underground chasms of Mercury.

Sometimes the heroes have a hard time getting the heroines safely back to Earth, but they always do it in the end. One hero was afraid the return trip from Mars would be too much for his girl's system, which had been overtaxed by excitement. Draining her blood from her veins, he pumped in Radium K Bromide. Her respiratory system was kept intact by Armagatol, a hastily devised substitute for Permagatol, which he generally used in such emergencies. When the voyage was over, he siphoned out the Radium K Bromide, gave the girl a transfusion of his own blood, and led her to the altar.

IN addition to making the conventional space trips, heroes and heroines today go forward into Utopias not yet existent; they go backward into lost continents or buried civilizations, or even to one side, like the hero of "Sidewise in Time," by Murray Leinster, a well-known pulp writer, which appeared in the June, 1934, issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*. Such trips are usually made in contrivances modelled after H. G. Wells' famous time machine, which he described in 1895—"a glittering metallic framework, scarcely larger than a small clock, and very delicately made. There was ivory in

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it, and some transparent crystalline substance." If the authors tire of having their characters zip up to Mars or Venus or slip backward, forward, or sideways into time, they occasionally shrink them and send them into the world of the atom, as in Ray Cummings' classic, "The Girl of the Golden Atom," or one of its ingeniously conceived sequels, "The Atom Prince." Another author, Martin Vaeth, has introduced travel by means of reincarnation. His hero, Jim Gleeson, a transport pilot, crashed off the coast of Spain in 1948 and eleven years later woke up to find himself occupying the body of one Titan Garth, with the job of reassembling postwar civilization on his hands. He managed it with the help of a girl whom he later married. The boy-and-girl motif is ever-present in science fiction, having even been worked into the adventures of Adam Link, the most popular of present-day mechanical men, who created himself an Eve in *Amazing Stories*. Link, who writes in the first person, describes the early courtship of his self-made tin girl like this:

> It would have been a strange sight to any human eyes, I suppose. Two robots, glinting in the sunlight, strolling hand in hand through the woods, chatting as merrily as a country boy and girl. A bird suddenly flew up and dashed itself against my chest plate, blinded no doubt by the shine. It fell to the ground, stunned. Eve picked it up in her steel fingers, but with all the tenderness of a softhearted girl, and cuddled it to her.

The stories which science-fiction readers applaud most heartily, judging by the compliments addressed to the editors, seem to be those in which a nice balance is maintained between love and logic. "We human beings have discovered that logic is the sole stable factor in the all," says a character named Gunlie Lester in "Discord in Scarlet," an *Astounding* story. It is a cool-headed remark for him to make, since at the moment he and his comrades in the space ship Beagle are at the mercy of Xtl, a superhuman monster capable of such feats as annihilating and recreating its body on a moment's notice. Between crises, Lester explains the peculiarities of his opponent in the kind of reasoned prose which science-fiction readers seem to want:

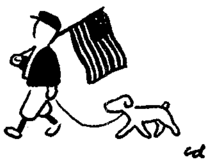
> There is a basic electronic tension that holds a body together, which would have to be overcome, but apparently his [Xtl's] race has solved the difficulty. A wall of force would increase those electronic tensions to a point where the atoms themselves would be emitting free electrons; and, theoretically, that should have a deadly effect on any interfering body. I'll wager

he didn't like those few seconds he was in the wall, but the point is, he stood them.

Korita, the Japanese scientist on the Beagle, is even more philosophical about Xtl; he discusses the creature in this dispassionate fashion:

> The inability to understand the full power of organization is Xtl's chief characteristic. His most instinctive reasoning would tend to discount the fact that we are part of a vast galactic civilization. The mind of the true peasant is very individualistic, almost anarchic. His desire to reproduce is a form of egoism, to have his own blood particularly carried on. There can be no such thing as a peasant co-operative or organization. But this creature may want to have numbers of beings similar to himself beside him to help him with his fight. But though there would be a loose union, they would fight as individuals, and not as a group.

Science-fiction readers are presumably greatly impressed by this sort of thinking. They also seem to like the very special vocabulary which has grown out of the exigencies of life away from Earth. An earthman setting out for the intergalactic regions carries photon pistols and heat guns and travels in a space ship made of inertrum, neutronium, uniway metal, or chromaloy. All of these terms are the common property of science-fiction writers. A good many of them were coined by Hugo Gernsback himself in "Ralph 124C41" or in some of his later short stories. In "Ralph," for instance, Alice was taken around the city of 2660 A.D. in an aerocab and shown the Baccilatorium, the Accelerated Plant Growing Farms, and a Vatican City resting on a steelonium base, which was held in the air by means of antigravitational impulse.



When characters in science fiction reach other civilizations, a rather interesting technical problem usually arises. The creatures on other planets are almost inevitably too retarded or too advanced mentally to talk as we do. They "flame," "pulse," or just "communicate." The grown-up Uuleppeians, in Stanton Coblentz's "Planet of the Knob Heads," a story which appeared in *Science Fiction*, speak to each other by means of glowing knobs on their heads, but their less intelligent children converse like humans until they grow their knobs. The undersea creatures of Nat Schachner's "City of the Corporate Mind," an *Astounding* story, never open their "pursed-up little mouths." In spite of this, each of the three comrades from our world—Sam, Kleon, and Beltan—"heard the words distinctly within himself. To Sam it sounded like perfect English of the twentieth-century New York. To Kleon, the syllables were Attic Greek of the time of Demosthenes. To Beltan, they held the clipped, slurred speech of Hispan."

The late Stanley G. Weinbaum, one of the most famous of the science-fiction writers of the thirties, hit on an even more spectacular way of handling this problem of speech. Jarvis, the earthman, was being conducted about Mars by friendly little four-toed Tweel, who at first said hardly anything except "P-p-p-proot!" Before long, however, Tweel picked up enough English to venture into the field of the abstract. When Jarvis pointed at a pyramid and asked "People?," Tweel "set up a sort of negative clucking" and replied "No, no, no. No one-one-two. No two-two-four," while rubbing his stomach. From this, Jarvis deduced that Tweel was putting over a complex idea. "One-one-two" made him think of mathematics. Mathematics suggested logic.

"Tweel was telling me that the builders of the pyramids weren't people," Jarvis explained later to the boys back in the space ship. "Or that they weren't intelligent, they weren't reasoning creatures. Get it?"

His friends got it after a while, and one of them, a biologist, asked why Tweel rubbed his belly.

"Because, my dear biologist, that's where his brains were. Not in his tiny head, in his middle!"

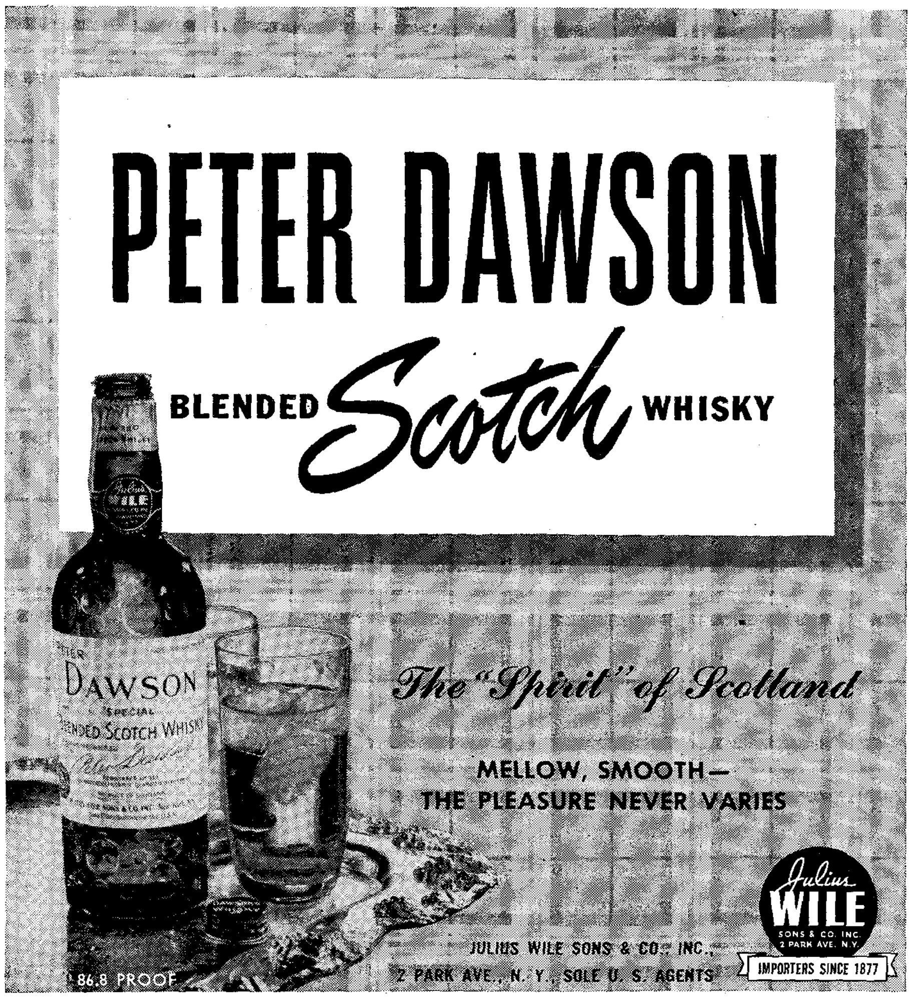
THE financial rewards for this kind of ingenuity are not cosmic. *Amazing*, *Thrilling Wonder*, *Science Fiction*, *Astounding Science Fiction*, *Planet Stories*, and *Fantastic Adventures* are the only science-fiction magazines that pay a cent or more a word to their authors, and the average yearly income of writers in the science-fiction field is around $2,000. Eando Binder, who in good years earns about $3,500, mostly out of the stories about Adam Link, the lovesick robot, has been referred to by *Writer's Digest*, which checks up on such things, as probably the top money-maker in the profession. At the start of his career, Mr. Binder, who was then collaborating with his brother, combined the initials of their first names, Earl and Otto, with "and" to make the pseudonym Eando. Earl has since gone into the business of selling cranes to contractors.

Most wealthy writers in this country are forced to write fast because their word rate is so high they cannot afford to waste a second of their extremely valuable time mooning around. Science-fiction writers have to write fast because their word rate is so low they may starve if they hesitate. In both instances, fast writing gets to be a habit hard to break. Arthur J. Burks, who has been referred to in *Writer's Digest* as "King of the Pulp Writers," was warned in 1931 by Harry Bates, the editor of *Astounding*, that he should spend more time over his work. He went home, wrote "Earth the Marauder," which ran to thirty-five thousand words, in three days, and submitted it two weeks later. Mr. Bates commented on the marked improvement.

Some science-fiction successes are the result of desperation. Murray Leinster had been turning out "sweet, sappy stories," as he described them to a friend, and "got awfully sick of it." He dropped a line to the editor of *Argosy*, telling him not to expect any more of that sort of stuff, and added savagely that he was working on "The Runaway Skyscraper," whose first sentence was "The whole thing started when the clock on the Metropolitan Tower began to run backwards." By return mail came an order for the story, which is now considered a classic in its field of fiction.

THE forerunners of science fiction, which were based primarily on supernatural phenomena, appeared in the eighteen-nineties in the *Black Cat* and in the Munsey monthlies such as *Argosy*, *All Story*, and *Munsey's Magazine*. They were called "different" stories and their readers were pretty much kept in the dark about the joys of interplanetary travel until a series called "Under the Moons of Mars," by Norman Bean, appeared in *All Story* in 1912. When these accounts of John Carter's interplanetary adventures became a startling success, Mr. Bean switched to his real name, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and turned from Carter to Tarzan. Burroughs has never wholly deserted his science-fiction fans, however. In a recent issue of *Amazing Stories*, under the title of "Skeleton Men of Jupiter," he presents a first-person account of being kidnapped from Mars and taken to Jupiter in an invisible interplanetary ship which, powered by the Eighth Barsoomian Ray, coasts along at twenty-three miles a second.

Although the "different" stories dealt with such abstracts as space and time and chilled, thrilled, and horrified their readers, they did not have the pseudo-scientific background which is required in all modern science fiction. This, as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has already been pointed out, was introduced by Hugo Gernsback, who is usually called the Father of Science Fiction when anyone wants to call somebody that. A Luxembourgian inventor, he came to America in 1904, founded the Electro Importing Company, and four years later turned to the publishing and editing of *Modern Electrics*. In April, 1911, Mr. Gernsback sandwiched the first installment of his "Ralph 124C41" in among the scientific articles in *Modern Electrics*. Ralph was so popular in spite of his last name that by 1913 science fiction had become a regular feature of the *Electrical Experimenter*, another Gernsback publication, which the editor subsequently renamed *Science & Invention*. In April, 1926, Gernsback started *Amazing Stories*, the first all-science-fiction magazine. Four years later he added *Wonder Stories* to his list and engaged a number of professors and scientists as part-time assistants to check the plausibility of what facts appeared in its pages. Among these men were Clyde Fisher of the Museum of Natural History and Willem J. Luyten of the Harvard Observatory. About seven years ago, Mr. Gernsback, older and presumably beginning to feel the urge to stay nearer home, pulled out of the science-fiction business. Now, with both feet on the ground, he publishes magazines dealing with such humdrum matters as radio and sex.

MR. GERNSBACK is also famous as the founder of the Science Fiction League, the first large organization of science-fiction fans. The League, which, like any good molecule, subsequently broke up into several violently opposed atomic groups, had no dues or fees. Each member was provided with emblem-bearing letterheads, envelopes, and lapel buttons and asked to promote the idea "by getting new readers for Science Fiction magazines, by inducing moving-picture corporations to run Science Fiction films, by getting broadcasting stations to broadcast Science Fiction, etc." Chapters of the League, as well as rival groups not sponsored by any magazine, were soon started in almost every large city in the country. A while back *Writer's Digest* estimated the total number of active fans at about three thousand. One faction of these, called New Fandom, rose to prominence in the world of science fiction a few years ago by attracting members of a relatively conservative and realistic frame of mind, interested primarily in problems you can get your teeth into—the possibility, say, of replacing hundred-mile-a-second space ships with cones of electrical energy. Another group, the Futurians, is made up of the left-wingers among science-fiction fans, who strive for the realization of what they call the "scientific socialist world state." The Technocrats, a West Coast crowd, try to persuade editors to introduce the principles of Technocracy into science fiction. The Esperantists are a group which puts up an equally strong fight for the "tongue of tomoro." And so it goes.

At their club meetings, fans review and rate stories appearing in the current issues of science-fiction magazines. They make up lists of their favorite authors and pass resolutions about their distaste for stories featuring such things as invasions from Mars, earthmen turning traitor in Martian wars, mad scientists, heroes who marry the scientist's daughter, and, above all, "unscientific" premises in stories. Copies of the minutes of their meetings are sent to the editors of the science-fiction magazines, most of whom pay attention to them.

About two hundred members of New Fandom turned up when that faction held its first world convention on July 2, 3, and 4, 1939, in Caravan Hall, at 110 East Fifty-ninth Street, right here in New York. The members were treated to speeches by authors, editors, illustrators, and fans, as well as showings of fantastic movies. The high point of the convention came when the chairman had a group of six Futurians thrown out for disturbing the proceedings. The Futurians put up little resistance and, once outside the hall, quietly straggled off down Fifty-ninth Street toward the Lexington Avenue subway, presumably to return to their homes and the latest issues of their favorite magazines. At such times, there is nothing a science-fiction fan finds quite so soothing as a poem like the one F. L. Kutchins, of Muncie, Indiana, contributed not long ago to the readers' column of *Thrilling Wonders:*

My heart is filled with ecstasy tonight,
And though I sit, confined within my home,
Four walls shall not constrain my fancy's flight.
Out into interstellar space I'll roam.

—ANGELICA GIBBS

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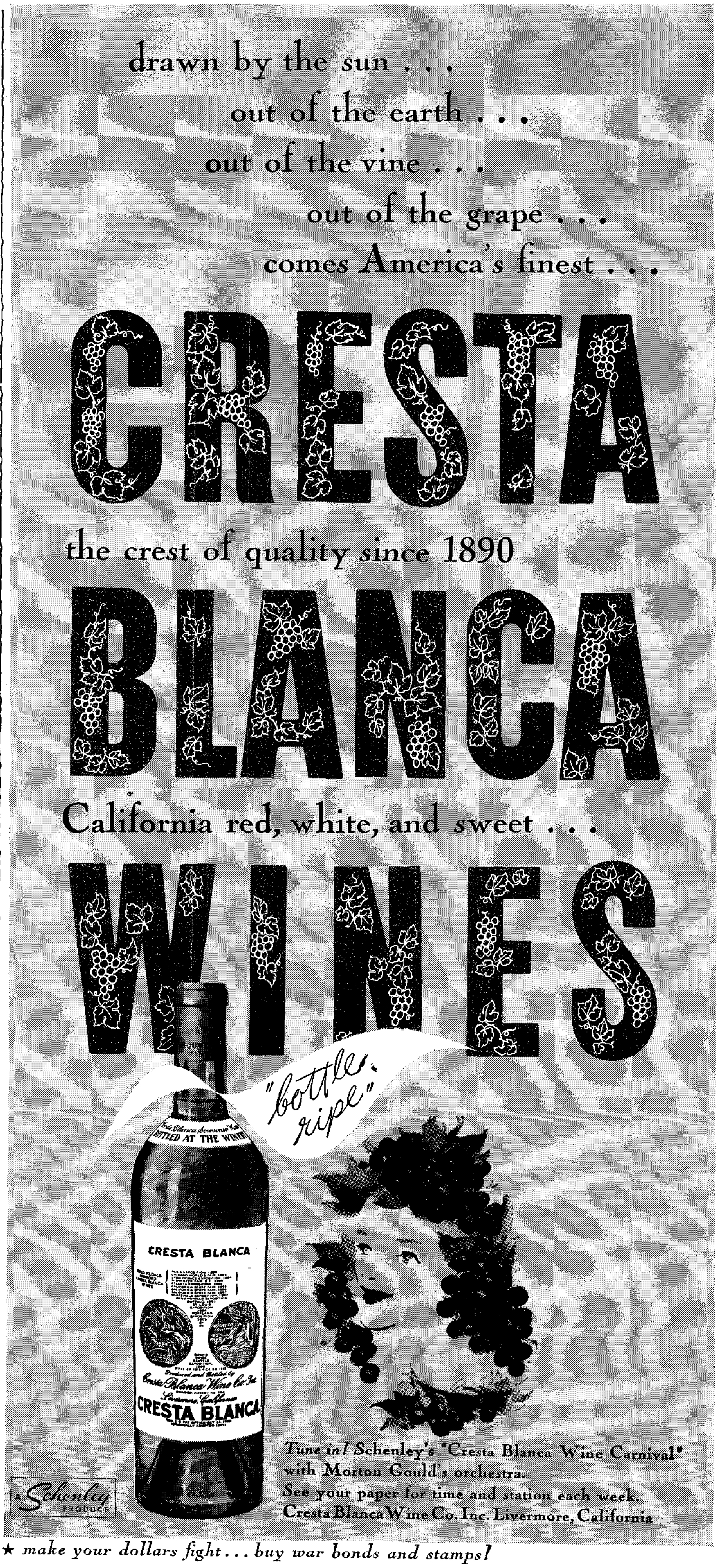
### O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

Starr Dawn Harvey is suffering from burns on her arm which she incurred while trying her hand at some fudge last Monday evening.—*Lakeville* (*Conn.*) *Journal.*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# SOPHIE HALENCZIK BUYS A PRESENT

IN all the years Sophie Halenczik has come each Friday to clean our house in Connecticut she never made any comments on its furnishings until last week, when she suddenly asked me what I had paid for the sofa and the two upholstered armchairs in our living room.

"Is not a suit?" she asked.

"No," I answered. "They were bought separately."

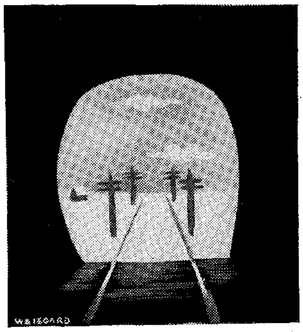
"I wonder about that," she declared. "I tell the children that nothing match in your house. I think maybe you get a bargain that way." She seemed a little perplexed when I told her the fairly large sum I had paid for the three pieces which didn't match. Beneath her perplexity I could feel a fever of excitement.

"Are you buying some new furniture for your house?" I asked, and her face broke into a wide smile.

"I buy new furniture, but not for my house. Is good enough what I got till Dolores grow up and have boy friends. No, not for my house I buy a beautiful parlor suit in Bridgeport. Blue plush with flowers all over. Is wonderful springs and cushions, like a bed. I get it cheap because is a sale. They only got two more left, red and green." Her smile grew wider. "My Annie, she get married to Jim next week. Is for her the suit."

"Congratulations!" I exclaimed.

Annie is Sophie's youngest daughter. More than any other of Sophie's children, she has inherited her mother's charm and generosity and good sense. Moreover, this daughter is especially dear to Sophie because, as she puts it, Annie is a real American. She has a diploma from our local grammar school, she has a job in a beauty parlor, and she has been going regularly with a young mechanic whose family roots go back to Revolutionary days. "Imagine," Sophie had said to me the first time she spoke of Jim Roberts, "his people live in the same house for almost two hundred years. Someday my Annie, she will live there. Is wonderful. No?"



Jim, Sophie informed me, was going to an officers' training school after he and Annie came back from a week's honeymoon in New York. "He say he want to have a Mrs. James Roberts to wait for him when he go." She glowed at the sound of the name. "Annie, she stay with us until the baby come. Later, maybe, she live with his folks. Is more room there."

"Baby?" I said.

"Oh, is not how you think," Sophie said. "My Annie is a good girl. But if she get married, there is a baby. No? Annie hope she get one for sure." A shadow passed over her face. "The war change everything. I want Annie she should be happy, but I always hope she keep her promise to me."

"What kind of promise?" I asked.

"You know about the other children. No?" She was lost in thought for a moment. "Mary," she went on, "she have Dolores but she never have a husband. That happen a long time ago, when we first come to this country. Dolores is near twelve years old. Then Irene. Irene, she have a baby but she get married after he is born. And Frankie. You know about my Frankie. He get Margie in trouble when he is at camp and he go away to Australia. Now we have Margie and the baby, but Frankie, he don't want to marry her. Then there is Annie."

Sophie's tender feeling for Annie was obvious in the way she spoke her name. "Annie, she is different. She always say there gonna be one Halenczik what get married first and have the baby afterward. She say, 'I promise you, Mom, that when I get married there will not be a baby for a whole year, anyway. I like to hear that. Is more American.' But there is no war when she say that. Now she say she cannot wait a year, she want to have a baby right away."

"None of the girls are waiting a year now," I said.

"Sure, I know," she said. "Mrs. Manning's daughter what go to college, she marry a soldier and have a seven-month baby. Mrs. Manning say it run like that in the family." Sophie grinned slyly at me. Then she continued, "You know what Mrs. Manning give her daughter for a wedding present? She buy her linen tablecloths and napkins what cost a hundred dollars. She tell me that herself when I clean her house."

"Mrs. Manning's a rich woman," I said, thinking that Sophie was unduly impressed by the gift.

She gave me a triumphant smile. "You know what I pay for the parlor suit for Annie? One hundred and forty-nine dollars!"

"Great Scott, Sophie! That's a whole lot of money."

"Sure," she agreed complacently, enormously pleased at my response. "And maybe I buy the red one for Frankie when he get married to Margie. Frankie is crazy for red. I write him that."

"Why, the two sets will be practically three hundred dollars!" I said. "Rich people aren't as generous with their money." I had been on the point of saying "extravagant" but thought better of it. From what Sophie had told me, I knew that three hundred dollars represented more than half of her savings.

"No," said Sophie, "rich people got to be more stingy than is poor people. You know why? Because rich people, they live on interest. Frankie once explain that to me. He say they got a lot of money in the bank what they never touch and they buy everything with the interest from this money. Is right?"

"That's about it," I said.

"Well, with poor people is different. They work for a living. If they got a few dollars left over after they buy clothes and things to eat and pay the taxes, they put it in the bank. All right. I have five, six hundred dollars in the bank. How much interest it make? Ten, twelve dollars a year. Can I live on that? No. When Mrs. Manning take out a hundred dollars from the bank, is a lot of money for her because she need that to pay her bills. That money in the bank is all she have, because she don't work like I do. All right. When I take out a hundred dollars from the bank, what it mean? Maybe two dollar interest. Is nothing. I spend so much when I treat the girls to a movie.

"I don't save my money to live on," Sophie went on. "I save it for something special. No? The wedding of my Annie is something special. And if Frankie get married to Margie like I want, is something special too. Maybe you say I should save it because someday I get sick and cannot work. That what George, Irene's husband, say. But I work for a long time yet and I got plenty time to save for that. Anyway," she added, "is worth a hundred and fifty dollars if Frankie marry Margie. He is always crazy to have a parlor suit like his friends got."

HER face grew sad. "You know, he is a fool, my Frankie. Maybe not a fool but stubborn like a pig. If he make up his mind once, he don't change it, even if he want to. Margie would be wonderful wife for him. She is a beautiful girl and she work hard. She got a job now with Mrs. Scudder, and Mrs. Scudder say she never have a maid so good like her. She say any man should be proud to have her for a wife."

"It might be a good idea if you wrote that to Frankie," I suggested.

Sophie searched my face for a moment. "I think maybe I tell you what I do already," she said.

"Yes, do."

"You know the nephew of Mrs. Scudder," she asked me, "the one what is an officer what flies?"

I shook my head.

"He is a captain, but young. Maybe twenty-six, twenty-eight years. Around Thanksgiving he have a few days' vacation from the Army and he come to stay with Mrs. Scudder. Margie, she serve the dinner and he talk to her. He ask Mrs. Scudder if he can take Margie to a dance, and Mrs. Scudder, she say why not, if Margie want to go with him. When Margie tell me, I say sure she should go. Is patriotic to dance with soldiers, even if she have fun. When he come to get her, I can see he is happy to go out with a girl what look so nice. She wear a green dress what is wonderful with her red hair. Annie give her a manicure and wave. Margie, she is all right. You know what she do before they go? She bring the baby from the bedroom and she show him to Mrs. Scudder's nephew. 'What you think of my son?' she say to him. 'I think he is swell,' he say. What you think of that?"

"I think Margie's swell," I answered.

"Sure," said Sophie. "That what I mean. She don't have to do that. So they have a good time that night, and all the time he is with his aunt he is very nice. Before he go he ask Mrs. Scudder to take a picture of him and Margie together for a souvenir. They are both smiling. So when I get that picture I

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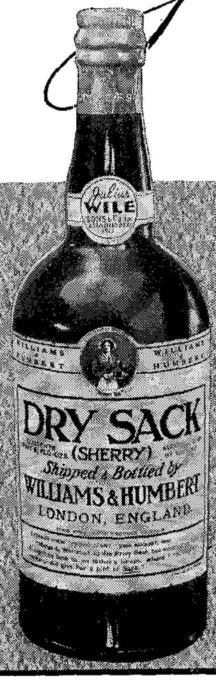
*"Sherry Sir?"*



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think I send it to Frankie to show him that a captain is happy to be with Margie. First I think I also send him a picture of Margie and the baby, but then I say, 'No. That is not good. Is better Frankie see her like a girl what is popular with captains than like a mother.' So I just send the picture with the captain."

"And have you heard from Frankie since?"

Sophie's eyes evaded mine. "Oh, yes, I hear from him all right," she said. "Last week I get a letter from him. You know what that devil do? He send us a picture of himself and a girl in Australia. He have his arm around her and they are both laughing. Not just smiling but laughing. And he write in his letter he is having a fine time and the girls in Australia are wonderful. He don't say one word about Margie."

"It didn't work then."

Sophie shrugged her shoulders. "That I do not know for sure. Maybe he take that picture because he don't want to show he care. Frankie, he is like that. But I don't give up. Now I write him that Annie is getting married to Jim and that I buy her a wonderful blue parlor suit for a hundred and forty-nine dollars. I tell him when he get married to Margie, he get the same thing in red. I see what he say to *that*."—Rose Feld

•

Miss Margaret L. Hudson will wear gown of aquamarine tulle from 9 until 1 o'clock this evening at the dance which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Hudson, are giving in the Garret Club in her honor.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

And at the stroke of midnight . . .

•

Plantersville—Christmas passed pleasantly and quietly here. Everybody had plenty of cake and turkey. The monotony of things was broken on Monday night when I. S. Meyer's residence caught fire. The flames were put out in a short time by Mr. Tison. The latter fills a long-felt want in this community.—*Dallas News.*

A good man is worth waiting for.

•

## THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

*Eugene Lyons in the American Mercury, August, 1941:*

. . . the Stalin of the Soviet myth—strong, shrewd, masterful, deeply Machiavellian—is already "liquidated." It was from that myth, now shattered beyond repair, that his authority in large measure derived. Stalin may remain as Germany's puppet, as a kind of Russian Laval or Pétain; or he may emerge with the semblance of independent authority. . . . But the Stalin of the past, the fabulous Great Leader, is no more.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Short Subjects*

Donald Duck, an actor not immediately subject to the draft, is naturally busy right now. His principal current vehicle is "Saludos Amigos," in which other members of Walt Disney's company also appear but in which the duck's is unquestionably the fattest rôle. "Saludos" is the product of Mr. Disney's recent trip to South America and is a sort of potpourri of the impressions he and his staff picked up in their travels. There are four separate episodes in it, two of which feature Donald, one the dog Goofy, and the other a small mail plane by the name of Pedro.

The scene of the first is Lake Titicaca, on the Peru-Bolivia border, where Donald shows up as a tourist. He looks over the sights, including the balsa-wood boats, the swaying footbridges, and the ill-tempered llamas, while a travelogu-ish voice in the background describes each item for the audience. Of course, things go wrong for the duck in a way that puts the annoyances of most tourists in the shade. There is a fine, wholesale confusion about his adventures, a typical Disney welter of misfortune. This is achieved without any apparent grounds for wounded feelings among the Peruvians or the Bolivians. They are pretty sure to realize that this erratic piece of poultry would get into trouble in Utopia. The second episode, which has to do with Pedro, the Chilean mail plane, is probably the weakest of the bunch. It is a little too cute and somehow rather old-fashioned. In making it, Disney seems to have been influenced by the outworn notion that animated cartoons are for children. The third episode offers Goofy as an Argentine gaucho and represents a comeback in quality. The fourth is another Donald Duck and introduces a new personality named Joe Carioca, a parrot who lives in Rio de Janeiro. The parrot undertakes to teach Donald the samba to the tune of a number called "Aquarela do Brasil." The music and the color in this one are fine. The chief flaw is that the character of the parrot, which might have been along the rakish lines of the fox's in "Pinocchio," is not at all developed. The bird may turn up again in some future cartoon, though, and blossom out.

The whole film is a mixture of animation and genuine flesh, blood, and scenery. The genuine parts are used to show the wild life and the landscapes that the animated drawings were modelled after and even something of the process of putting the drawings together. You needn't think, though, that you'll be able to set up a rival studio right away.

Donald Duck, incidentally, is appearing in another of the Treasury Department's income-tax cartoons this year. He is strictly a Treasury spokesman, too, with obviously no use for the Ruml plan.

"Saludos Amigos" being about a three-sevenths-length feature, you are likely to see it billed with some such long short as "The Invasion of North Africa," a new installment of the "World in Action" series. This contains shots of the landing operations at Casablanca, Oran, and Algiers and also of the reception in those towns of the Allied troops. The crowds in these scenes look as though they had been standing on the same sidewalks for a number of years, cheering everything that went by. The picture as a whole is fairly absorbing. There is only the drawback, common to all war documentaries, that derives from your uneasiness at not being sure which are actual on-the-spot sequences and which are dug out of the library. Nobody likes to think he's being hoodwinked.

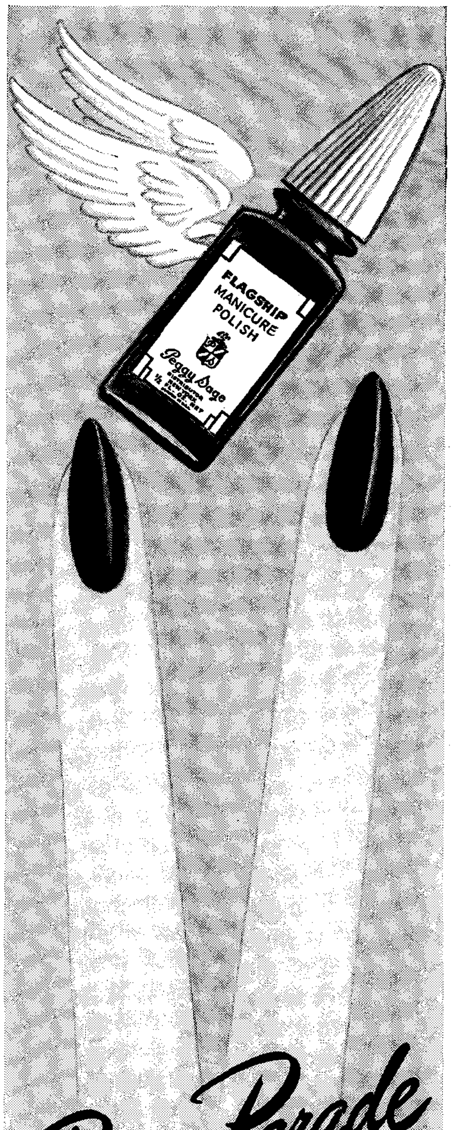
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has announced that it is looking for someone to play the part of the heroine in "National Velvet," the adaptation of Enid Bagnold's book about the little girl who won the Grand National. She doesn't have to know how to ride, because M-G-M will teach her, and she doesn't have to worry about leaving school, because M-G-M will tutor her. The announcement says, however, that the ideal candidate would be "a feminine counterpart of Freddie Bartholomew at thirteen." Since the studio seems prepared to make the girl an accomplished gentlewoman in every other respect, why can't it teach her how to be like Freddie Bartholomew at the same time?

—David Lardner

•

Lost, white Spitz dog, deaf. Answers to Bozo. Reward. Phone 3-2330.—*Adv. in the Windsor (Ont.) Star.*

Lip-reader?



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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

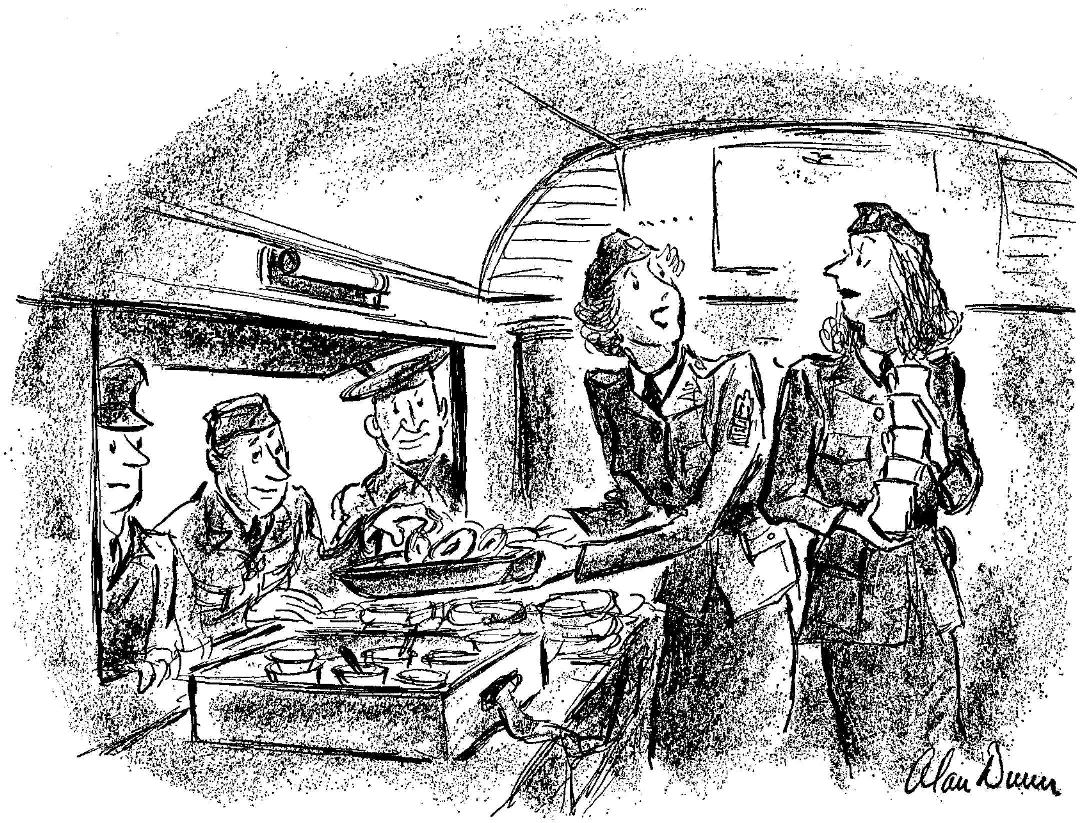
PROBABLY no one ever was happier to eat his words than I was to swallow my recent declaration that wool blankets are a thing of the past. No sooner was the statement out of my mouth than Lord & Taylor pulled off one of the coups of the season—horse blankets, hundreds and hundreds of them, all pure wool to the last fibre and in a variety of weights and sizes that are completely adaptable, to my enormous surprise, to bedrooms.

I don't mind admitting that, to one who never got close enough to a racing stable to become even faintly familiar with the items of a pampered champion's intimate wardrobe, it was amazing to find that a horse blanket need not be a coarse and weighty expanse of rough-woven yarn but can be, and often is, soft and beautiful both in color and texture. Those at Lord & Taylor resemble fine Scotch or Irish wool shawls in weave and feel—outsize ones, to be sure, since it's nothing for a horse blanket to measure 90 by 96 inches. This big, they're perfect for oversize beds, covering even the six-foot-broad kind with enough left over for plenty of tuck-in. Furthermore, you can get any of them in three weights.

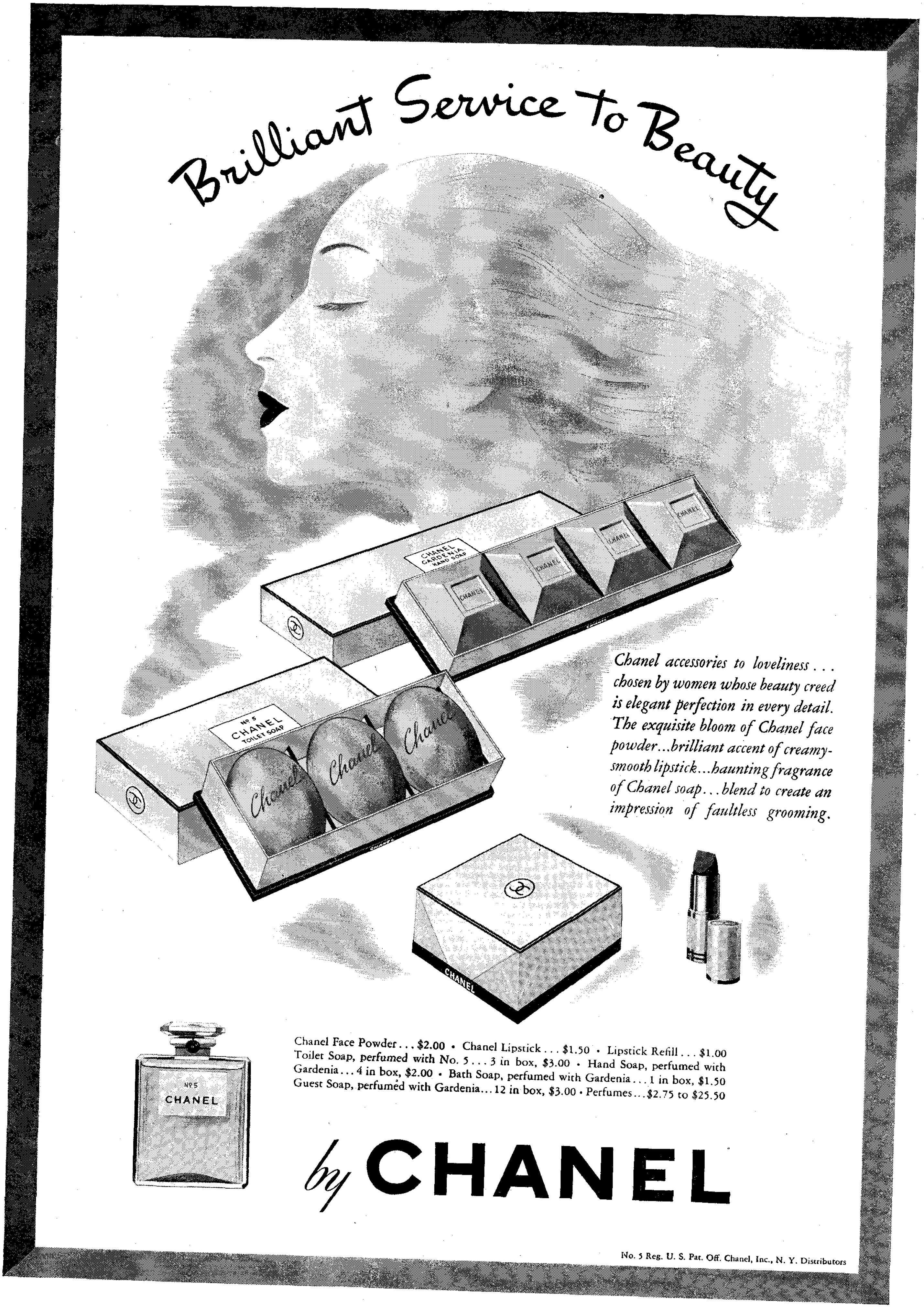
Not all of the blankets in Lord & Taylor's collection are as large as this. Some have been cut down to regulation bed sizes and given whipstitched edges all around. The very lightweight ones, usually done in white with striped borders in soft greens or blues and offered at $13.95, should make perfect summer blankets or might even be cut up into small sizes for babies' cribs. The horsy name for these is Breezers. Blankets in the next, or middle, weight are called Coolers; they are $12.95 and $13.95. In this class, probably the best for general domestic use, you'll find some of the most magnificent solid colors and sporting plaids imaginable. The $12.95 price covers the solid-color blankets—dandelion-yellow ones, pure, dazzling whites, Kelly greens, beautiful deep blues, and a real red-flannel red, as blazing as a fireman's shirt. The $13.95 group includes two-color plaids, most of them in red, green, or brown on white. These patterns appear again in the heaviest group of blankets ($18.95 and inelegantly termed Sweats), which weigh approximately five pounds in the 90-by-96 size and are therefore comparable to standard full-size, full-weight bed blankets.

Unless the A.S.P.C.A. gets busy with its customary speed and vigor to claim priorities for horses, this experiment at Lord & Taylor may go a long way toward solving one of our human war-emergency problems.

COTTON pile rugs for other than bathroom or dressing-room use—another wartime replacement for wool—are not strictly new, having been in the stores since last summer, but they've been around in increasing numbers during the last month or so and women are beginning to stop before displays to finger them speculatively. What these ladies are undoubtedly wondering about is whether these rugs will wear well and keep clean for a reasonable length of time. The truth seems to be that on both counts the cotton rugs fall short of wool ones. They won't wear as long and they'll get dirty faster. On the other hand, they are easily as handsome and luxurious and come out of the dye vats in some of the most beautiful colors, soft and rich and clear, that have ever been seen in rugs. So far, room sizes in these cotton rugs are available only in solid color, but manufacturers have been successful with patterns in the small throw sizes, and only public acceptance is wanted to start them experimenting with the same sort of thing in large sizes. Karastan, a pioneer house in the manufacture of cotton pile rugs, has worked out a process that more or less makes the cotton strands almost as difficult to soil as wool. Solid-color rugs treated in this way are called Karashags, and you can see them at Wanamaker, Altman, Stern, and Bloomingdale. They come in any number of sizes up to 12 by 20 feet ($215 for this giant), and though no shop carries all of them, they can be had to order. You will also



*"I'm simply famished! How about meeting me at the Marguery in twenty minutes?"*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find some of the throw rugs at these stores.

It seems high time something was said here about the lamp shop of Thomas B. Adams, at 12 West 46th Street, although the place has been there long enough for everyone in town to have found out about it. The principal interest at Adams is oil lamps, which they delight in restoring, refinishing, and supplying missing parts for. I doubt if there is a chimney, a globe, or a fount, however rare the size or shape, that they can't replace with at least a reasonable facsimile of the original from their prodigious stock of these hard-to-find items. The globes for brass library and student lamps alone are enough to make the shop's address an important one for the telephone pad of any proud owner of one of these desk lights. Adams can supply standard-size student-lamp globes, both plain and fluted, in green, white, and the rare ecru (the lampmakers' name for that honey-amber color which provides, to my mind, the most beautiful soft glow of all) at $1.50 to $3 for the green and white and $2 to $7 for the ecru. True globes—that is, the ball-shaped kind—come in a number of sizes in frosted glass with etched designs ($3.50 to $6) and in white china painted with the customary flowers, butterflies, and so on. The shop also has old ball globes in both glass and china, including occasional ones of colored hobnail glass, but these are necessarily one-of-a-kind and you have to be prepared to take pot luck. Chimneys, of course, are something else again; they are here in every possible size and shape, with bases graded from those small enough to fit the tiny Victorian princess lamps to ones large enough to admit a sixty-watt bulb.

Converting old oil lamps to electricity is a thing the Adams people can do one-handed, although I suspect that their hearts are not in this sort of job. Fitting an oil fount into a handsome old heirloom vase and topping it with a globe to suit the base in color and character is an assignment more to their liking, especially if the vase you bring in is a big one with a mouth measuring seven inches or more in diameter, so that they can fit it with their pride and joy, the Aladdin fount. This is a fixture topped not by the usual wick but by a mantle that lights up with the intensity of a fifty-watt bulb, giving quite a bit more illumination than anybody has a right to expect of an oil lamp. This mantle fount comes in only one size, $7.50 complete. If it's too small for your vase or lamp, Adams will fit it for an extra charge, generally about $2. If it's too big, it can't be done at any price.

THE latest type of ration-conscious coffee-maker to turn up, a single-cup drip device, seems to me to have more to offer than most, in that it can't fail either to remind you to stick to just that one cup and no more (at a time, anyway) or to produce a practically perfect brew if the directions are followed. Hammacher Schlemmer has a version which provides the coffee drip, cup, saucer, and all, in glazed brown pottery at $2 for the set. Then, at some of the local hardware stores, there is a one-cup dripper, in thin metal, that costs around forty cents and works like a charm. I wouldn't be surprised, though, to learn that it is made of aluminum; if that's the case, it probably won't be available for long. —B. B.

•

## DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

New York
February 1, 1943

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

WITH reference to your Profile of Chief Boatswain's Mate Hodge, page 22 of your issue of January 30th:

First—A chief petty officer of the seaman branch wears his rating badge on the right arm and not on the left. The seaman branch is very proud of this distinction.

Second—Quoting from your text: "There are twelve chief petty officers aboard the destroyer Hodge serves on —a chief boatswain's mate, a chief fire-controlman, a chief torpedoman, a chief quartermaster, a chief commissary steward, a chief electrician, a chief pharmacist, a chief gunner, a chief water tender, and three chief machinists." For your information, in the Navy a chief electrician, a chief pharmacist, a chief gunner, and a chief machinist are commissioned warrant officers who rarely, if ever, serve on destroyers and, if they did, would be found in the wardroom with the other officers and not in the chief petty officers' quarters. Hodge's little playmates are undoubtedly a chief electrician's mate, a chief pharmacist's mate, a chief gunner's mate, and three chief machinist's mates.

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George Fielding Eliot

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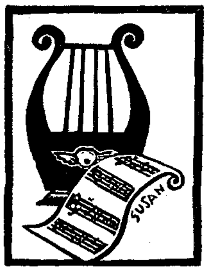
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *They're Still Arguing*



EVERY time a conductor offers a Bruckner symphony, there is a revival of the Great Bruckner Controversy. It isn't a highly intricate imbroglio, because it involves just one question: Was Bruckner great or wasn't he? The all-outers are violent in their adoration of the composer, the all-inners look on his music as merely an endurance test, and in-betweeners like me are candidates for both the pro and anti doghouses.

Wherever you may stand, or sit, on the merits of Bruckner, you probably will agree that no other composer receives such uniformly distinguished performances of his music. The reason is that almost everyone who conducts a Bruckner symphony knows that the composition must be sold to those people who won't believe that Bruckner is the B that follows Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, and conductors seem to give the performances something special. Anyhow, you don't hear indifferent presentations of Bruckner symphonies.

Last week Bruno Walter, conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony, turned in a version of Bruckner's fourth symphony that might be rated as something extra-special. It wasn't Walter's only extra-special on the program, either; he also did wonders for another fourth symphony, Dvořak's. The Dvořak fourth is attractive without being especially memorable, and it benefited from Walter's energetic solicitude.

THE Metropolitan restored "Il Trovatore" to the catalogue last week, with the obvious approval of operagoers, who bought flocks of tickets, raised a gusty hullabaloo over the show itself, and detonated special greetings for Giovanni Martinelli, making his first appearance of his thirtieth Metropolitan season. The principals, taken as a unit, went after things with more zeal and dramatic sincerity than vocal finesse, and the affair was hardly a model demonstration of singing. Nevertheless, the tunes and the theatre of "Il Trovatore" registered, particularly because of the conducting of Cesare Sodero, who contributed plenty of pace, poise, and ping to the proceedings.

Something has been added to the activities of the New Opera Company. The latest contribution of this organization is the Five O'Clock Opera Concert, a sample of which was offered not so long ago at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre. Five-o'clock-opera concerts, it seems, consist of short operas with a small orchestra sharing the stage with the singers. The opening bill was intimate and compact but not at all skimpy. First there was Hindemith's "Hin und Zurück" (Englished as "There and Return"), the opera whose action gets to a certain point and then retraces itself to the beginning. It's a revue skit with music that isn't revue-ish, but it worked out well, thanks to the engaging performances of Jean Merrill and George Rasely. After an educational prologue, in which characters chatted about old art forms and Pergolesi, "La Serva Padrona" was also offered, as a combination opera and ballet. I don't care much for "La Serva Padrona," but this is the way to do it —in good English by Marion Farquhar and with adequate pantomimic diversions. It was a mighty neat and well-sung production, which introduced to many of us Janet Reed, a young dancer whom you might note as one of the most fetching personalities any opera company has brought forward lately.

A FASCINATING book for anyone interested in how music is played or sung is Fredrick Dorian's "The History of Music in Performance." Lots of sound historical and philosophical matter in this, all of it worth thinking over and sometimes arguing about.

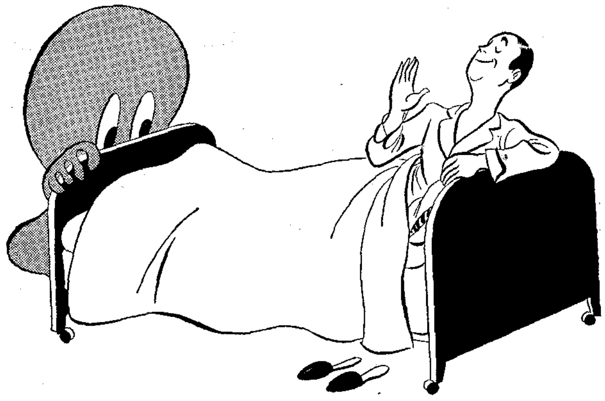
Getting back to where we came in, which is the Bruckner controversy, I'd like to suggest an exceptional book on that composer: "Anton Bruckner, Rustic Genius," by Werner Wolff. It's good biography, good music discussion, and, because its author is a practical maestro, valuable shop talk.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

## POPULAR RECORDS

### *Dixie to Paris to Dixie*

A HALF-DOZEN French songs of the so-called popular variety, two or three of them composed since the fall of France and practically all since the start of the war, have been recorded for Bost Records by Irene Hilda, who rates being called a chanteuse as much as any American-born singer could. Miss Hilda is a native of Richmond,



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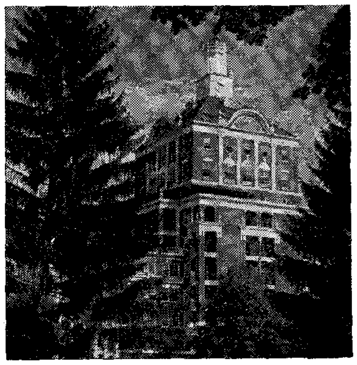

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Virginia, but her parents, who were French, took her to the home country when she was three years old. She made her début at ten, singing ditties in the Casino at Cannes, and went on from there to become quite a name in the Folies-Bergère and various Right Bank night clubs—enough of a name, at any rate, for her to be brought over here by Clifford Fischer in 1937 for an appearance in his French Casino. After that Miss Hilda went back to France, where she stayed until 1941, when she returned to New York. She recently completed an engagement at La Vie Parisienne on East Fifty-second Street.

So, you see, she's French all right. The album she has turned out, which the Bost people, doubtless after considerable thought, have called "Nostalgia of Paris," is a curio for a couple of reasons. In the first place, Miss Hilda is accompanied by a pianist (Bost would have you know that he is a New York society man, no less, with a passion for anonymity) who has a solid American jazz style that provides a strange but singularly effective background for the singer's bits of Parisian sentiment. In the second, the records give you an idea of what the members of the songwriting fraternity over there have been up to since things began going badly with their country. This, it develops, is just about what they were up to before, as you can gather from the titles—"Romance de Paris," "Si Tu Vas à Paris," "Sur Deux Notes," "Je N'en Connais Pas la Fin," "Une Charade," and "C'est Lui Que Mon Cœur a Choisi." You may find Miss Hilda's voice a trifle on the harsh side at times, but her feeling for melody and her authentically French delivery more than make up for this.

A WANDERING Georgia Negro named Big Maceo Merriweather, a fellow who bobs up from time to time to sing at some studio or other and then disappears, has given a pair of blues numbers the kind of treatment they ought to get, accompanied by a small instrumental group (Bluebird 34-0703). Big Maceo has a real knack for the little slide off pitch, the touch of desperate hoarseness, and all the rest of the business that voice teachers can't abide. Singing "Any Time for You" and "Since You Been Gone," he makes his gifts appear simple enough, but that's just because he was brought up on such stuff. The instrumentalists give him fine support by playing a musical pattern of their own which is at the same time

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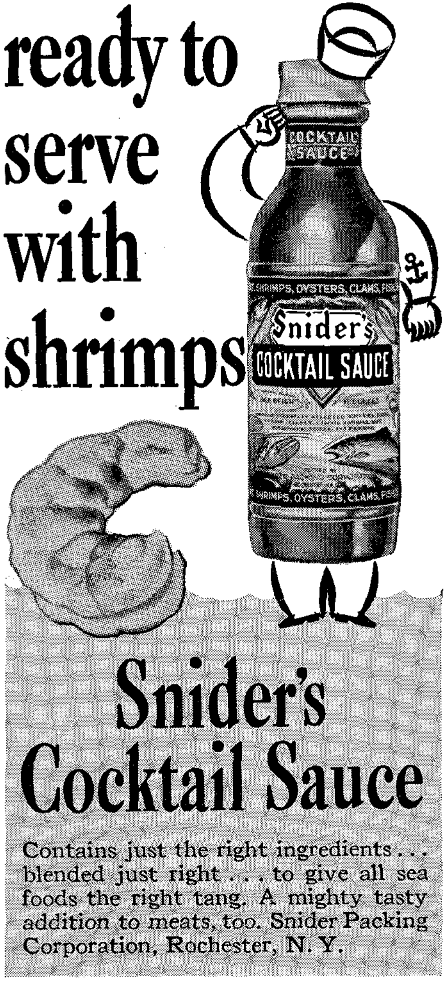

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closely related to what Big Maceo is up to.

THE recording companies, what with Petrillo trouble and general shortages, haven't given us too many dance performances to choose from lately, and for some reason or other have veered sharply away from swing. In fact, in the following list of some of the more agreeable recent jobs, you won't find any which would necessarily come under that heading:

I've Heard That Song Before and Moonlight Becomes You—Harry James and his orchestra. This disc compares favorably on both sides with the best of James's previous work, and is especially welcome since the band hasn't been recording much lately. The tunes are melodious, and the vocals—one by Helen Forrest and the other by Johnny McAfee—are top-notch. (*Columbia 36668*)

Mandy, Make Up Your Mind and It Started All Over Again—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. The "Mandy" piece gives you the slinky, sliding kind of jazz, with solid tempo and an imaginative treatment of the tune. "It Started All Over Again" is a languorous number, which makes it just right for Frank Sinatra's voice, and the leader does all right by it on his trombone, too. For good measure, the Dorsey vocal group called the Pied Pipers jumps in here and there with apt commentaries. (*Victor 20-1522*)

I Get the Neck of the Chicken and Ogeechee River Lullaby—Cab Calloway and his orchestra. Calloway tears right into the lyric of "I Get the Neck of the Chicken," giving it a blithe, non-scatty lift. He calms down somewhat for the chorus of "Ogeechee River Lullaby," a slow, almost Ellingtonian creation, in which the Cabaliers, a vocal ensemble made up of some of the boys in the orchestra, help out. There's nothing at all wrong with the orchestral work in either piece. (*Columbia 36662*)

Black Magic and Hit the Road to Dreamland—Freddie Slack and his orchestra. Two first-rate compositions, the work of Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer, from the score of the picture "Star Spangled Rhythm." Margaret Whiting sings "Black Magic" as if she meant every word of its torchy lyric, while the band produces the old voodoo beat for a background. "Hit the Road to Dreamland," a jig-time lullaby, is handsomely sung by a group called the Mellowaires. (*Capitol 126*)

Sweetheart Serenade and The Watchman Fell Asleep—Jerry Wayne, assisted by Van Alexander and his orchestra. Mr. Wayne knows his way about a good vocal chorus and proves it by singing intermittently throughout both of these pieces, but they're dance performances just the same, thanks to the strict tempo supplied by the band. (*Beacon 108*)

There Will Never Be Another You and Just As Though You Were Here—Tommy Tucker and his orchestra. If you're looking for something special along sweet and gentle lines, these are it. Sweet and gentle vocals by Don Brown. (*Okeh 6702*)

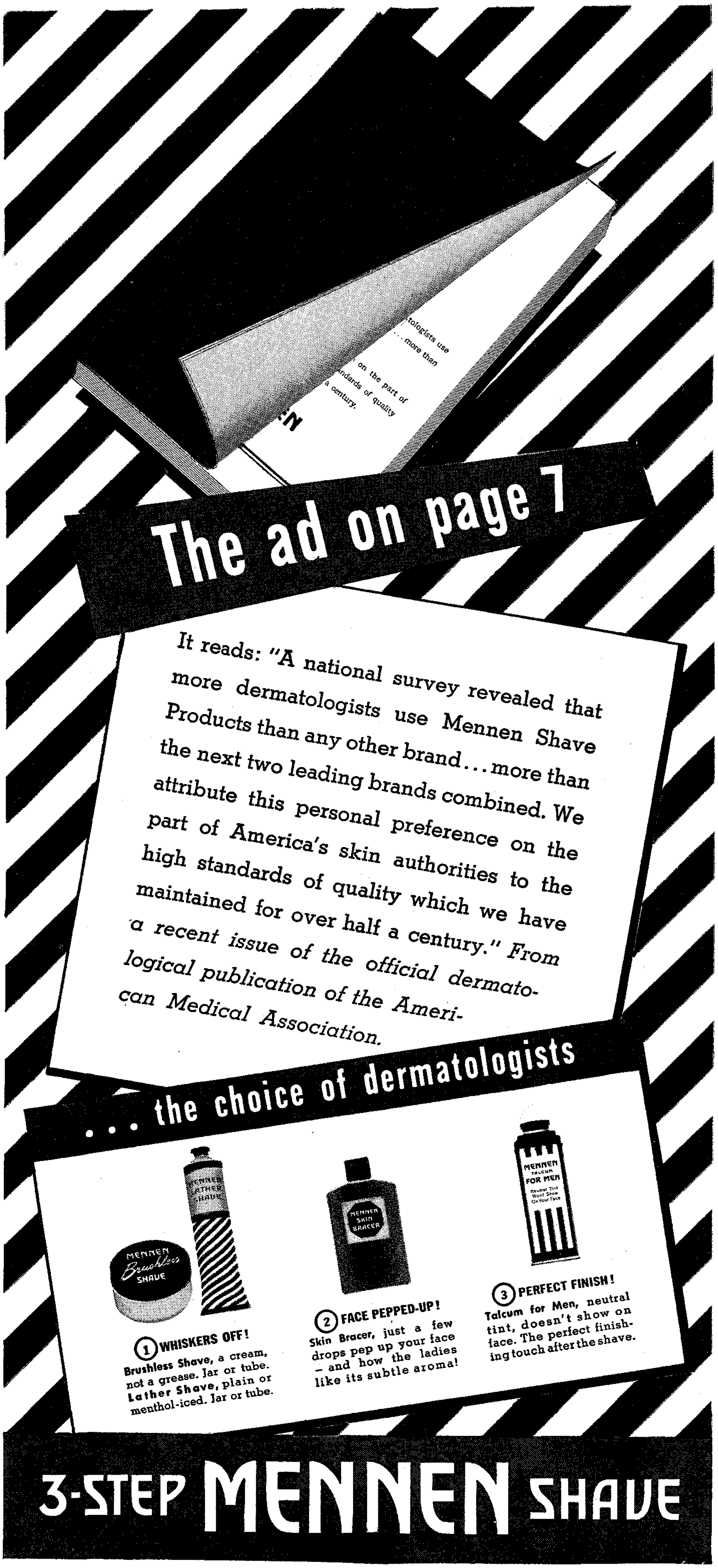
—Offbeat

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Fer-de-Lance," by Rex Stout*]

I had my mouth full, so I only said, "Shrivel, shrimp."


The ad on page 7

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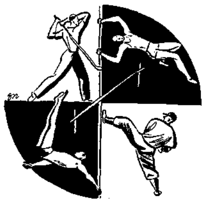
# NOTES ON SPORTS

## *Armchair Strategy*



All kinds of figures to the contrary notwithstanding, it's hard for any one who has watched Greg Rice run a two-mile race to imagine his being beaten even by Gunder Hägg, the Swedish phenomenon who is said to have broken every record from 1,500 to 5,000 metres inclusive. Hägg (pronounced to rhyme with Greg) may get over here some day and race against Rice, and then it may be much easier to imagine, but until that day, or at least until Rice's string of consecutive victories, now at fifty-seven, is broken by someone else, the ease with which he knocks off all available opposition is an impressive argument on his side. There is something very arbitrary about the way he wins his races. Last Saturday, in the Millrose Games, he stayed with the field until the last quarter-mile and then in his closing sprint opened up a lead of fifty-five yards. There was no need for him to start his sprint sooner, but suppose he had. If he can gain fifty-five yards in four hundred and forty, what's to prevent him from picking up better than a hundred in eight hundred and eighty? One thing to prevent him, of course, is lack of wind, but Rice always looks as though he had a tankful or so in reserve. As he goes churning down the home stretch, with the medallion that hangs from his neck bouncing merrily against the concrete pillbox he calls a chest, you have the impression that he is just getting started and if anyone were game for another mile or two, Rice would be his man. Before the two-mile came along at the Garden last Saturday, he had already scampered around the track, by way of warming up, enough times to hospitalize most of us.

Hägg's records have all been set outdoors, and even his Swedish boosters admit that he may be too tall and lanky to beat Rice on an indoor track. This is not because his head would hit the ceiling but because his stride would be hampered by the greater number of turns indoors. Rice is built close to the ground and could probably get along in one of those hollow cylinders that motorcycles crawl around in at county fairs.

The last event at the Millrose Games, or at least the event that was still going when everything else was over, was the high jump, which was finally won by William Vessie, of Columbia, at six feet seven inches. Most of the crowd hung around after that while Vessie had three abortive tries at six-eight. He turned out to be a very cool operator, carefully pacing off his running start a couple of times before each try and taking quite a while generally to coil himself before striking, while spectators looked at their watches and picked out the nearest exit. His first two misses were by pretty narrow margins and furnished a fine buildup for a successful final effort, if it had only been successful. Officials with any dramatic sense at all would have sneaked the bar down about an inch so that Vessie could have cleared it in the end and sent everybody home happy.

Paul V. McNutt's contribution to the current hurly-burly about whether baseball will continue during the war is a statement that the sport is "useful but not essential." This is a very statesmanlike observation which doesn't go far toward clearing the matter up. Baseball people from now on are apt to go around saying, "We may not be essential, but we're mighty useful." On the other hand, so is just about everybody on the recent work-or-fight list. When you tell a man he's not essential, you might just as well do it right and tell him he's a no-good bum, so he'll be sure.

—D. L.

•

Panel Discussion on Ulcer.—In the Abstract of Question Period following the Panel Discussion on Ulcer beginning on page 824 in The Journal, November 14, Dr. Asher Winkelstein desires to make the following corrections in some of his discussions. Dr. Winkelstein says that in his second discussion "intradigestive" should read "interdigestive;" his third discussion should read "milk drip form of therapy" instead of "milk form of therapy;" his fourth discussion should read "reduced" instead of "produced," "milk" should be inserted before "bicarbonate," and following "phosphate" should be inserted "to $p$H 3.5," and "from 6.50 to" should be omitted; in his fifth discussion the "h" should be deleted from Dr. Berg's name, "not" should be omitted before the word "cut," "subphrenic anterior" should be used instead of "subanterior," and finally "which may lead to harmful procedures in the abdomen" should be omitted.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

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# OF ALL THINGS

Churchill's friendly reception in Turkey has brought about a panicky feeling in Berlin. It is understood that von Papen has been called home to chew the rug with the Führer.

•

Allied bombings have apparently wrought dreadful havoc upon Italy's war industries. Mussolini is so hard up for ammunition that he has had to fire his son-in-law.

•

The Japanese have started a move to rid their islands of that great American vice, baseball. Fair enough; we'll take back our baseball if they'll take back their beetles.

•

The Ways and Means Committee is cool to the Ruml pay-as-you-go plan, but the scheme still makes sense to most of us. The Treasury would collect the money we have now instead of the money we had last year.

•

By a strange coincidence our two famous Flynn cases came out the same way. Both gentlemen have been set free to work for themselves instead of the state.

•

Our broadminded leaders, it seems, have no prejudice against fathers. A good family man will be more than welcome either in a war job or in the armed forces.

•

The government's policy of playing with old Vichy boys in North Africa has run into serious trouble. The operation has been endorsed by Burt Wheeler and Ham Fish.

•

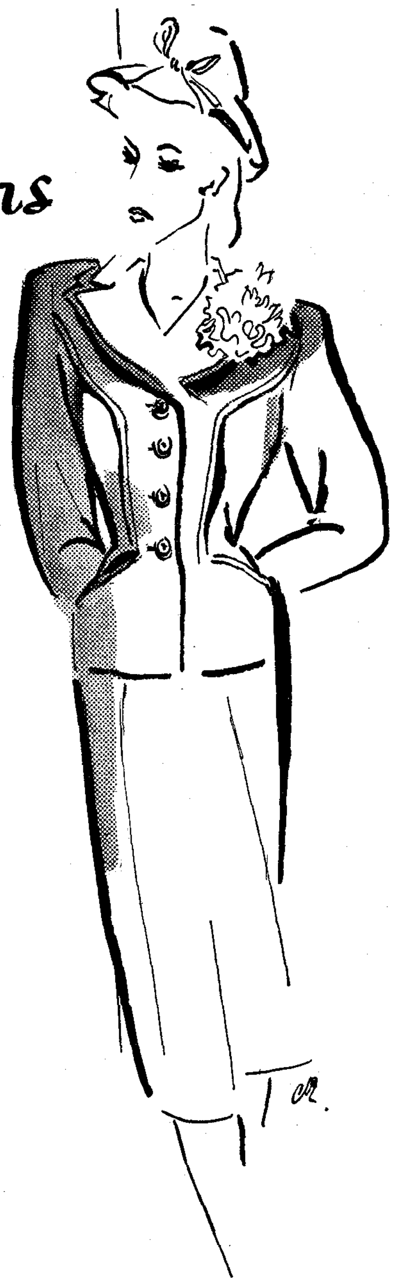
Servicemen and war workers complain that Hawaii is a dull and dreary place. The islands apparently are overrun with girls who are nothing like Dorothy Lamour.

•

The war has repealed many of the laws of etiquette. Nevertheless, it is still considered good form to send Valentine candy and flowers to her house instead of the foundry.

•

Tennessee has abolished its poll-tax law. There now remain only seven states which have a cover charge at the voting booth. —Howard Brubaker



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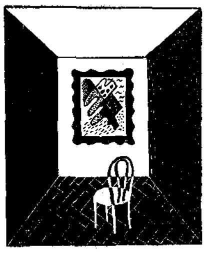
# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Davis, Hartley, and the River Seine*

THOUGH almost everyone in the world who knows Stuart Davis's work considers him an abstractionist, he himself mightily resents being called one. A purist, he believes that the term should be applied only to men like Piet Mondrian, Carl Holty, and others in whose work there is no apparent reference to real objects at all. Moved, perhaps, by a certain amount of wry humor, and plainly to the confusion of some critics, he has been known to maintain that he is actually a realist, just as much as, for instance, Eakins or Homer. I must say I can't go all the way with him on this. For one thing, I keep remembering that the very founders of the modern abstract movement made great play with wine bottles, guitars, café signs, and suchlike in their canvases, thereby indicating that to their minds the word "abstract" had a somewhat wider meaning than Davis would give it, and that even Mondrian has been at pains to make clear that his own work, purely geometrical though it seems, has its inspiration in such tangible, everyday things as cows grazing or the water alongside a pier.



What it comes down to, I guess, is that every artist must deal with reality in one way or another. It's his manner of doing it that counts, and if Stuart Davis wants to call himself a realist while everyone else cries "Abstractionist" at him, it's all right with me. As a matter of fact, his new one-man show at the Downtown Gallery (his first in nine years, incidentally) contains evidence to support both contentions about him. Davis never, of course, paints a scene as he sees it. What he tries to do, if I understand his method, is to synthesize it, taking only its most significant elements and recombining these into a pattern that will convey, in perhaps purer fashion, the same satisfaction that the subject inspired. Now, this pattern is not necessarily the same as in nature, though sometimes it is fairly close, and this, I feel certain, is the nub of the abstract-versus-realist controversy about Davis's work.

When the pattern approaches nature's, as it does in his "New York Under Gaslight" in the current collection, you have something that on the surface at least is fairly suggestive of realism. When the elements are as broken and dispersed as they are in his "Arboretum by Flash-Bulb," then, if you haven't got abstraction, you've got something so near as to be practically indistinguishable from it. Both, I think, represent the extremes of his style. Both, too, are in a way tours de force—the first because its elements (the flaring gas fixture, the statue, the shop fronts, and so on) are so cunningly arranged to simulate actuality that you have to look two or three times to perceive how wildly improbable their placement is; the second because it is primarily an attempt to portray the unportrayable. No eye can retain in such detail as is here depicted the impression of objects seen in a blink of light, and no eye but the artist's could respond to them if they could be recorded. It seems to me that Davis falls into a similar difficulty, overelaborate statement, in other canvases in the show—in "Ursine Park," for example, and "Ultra-Marine," in both of which the original impression seems to have been so embroidered and elaborated as to appear almost meaningless.

His great strength, I believe, lies in such pieces as his "Gloucester Harbor," "New York Waterfront," and "Still Life in the Street," in all of which the design is impeccable, the color sure, and each element of the composition carries just the weight of meaning planned for it, with precision and complete authority. I have said that this is Davis's first one-man show in nine years, and the fact seems an indictment of the method by which pictures are brought before the public in this country. Art galleries are naturally run for profit, and painters can be pernickety or slow in producing. I don't know what factors were at work in this case. But, simply as a member of the public, I think it is wrong that a man of Davis's artistic importance and maturity should have been allowed to hide or be hidden from us for so long. Now that his show is here, of course, I'm mollified, but I hope that no such delay will be allowed before the next one.

STUART DAVIS certainly belongs among the top ten American painters alive today. So does Marsden Hartley, and it is almost too much to have them exhibiting simultaneously. The Hartleys are at the Paul Rosenberg, and

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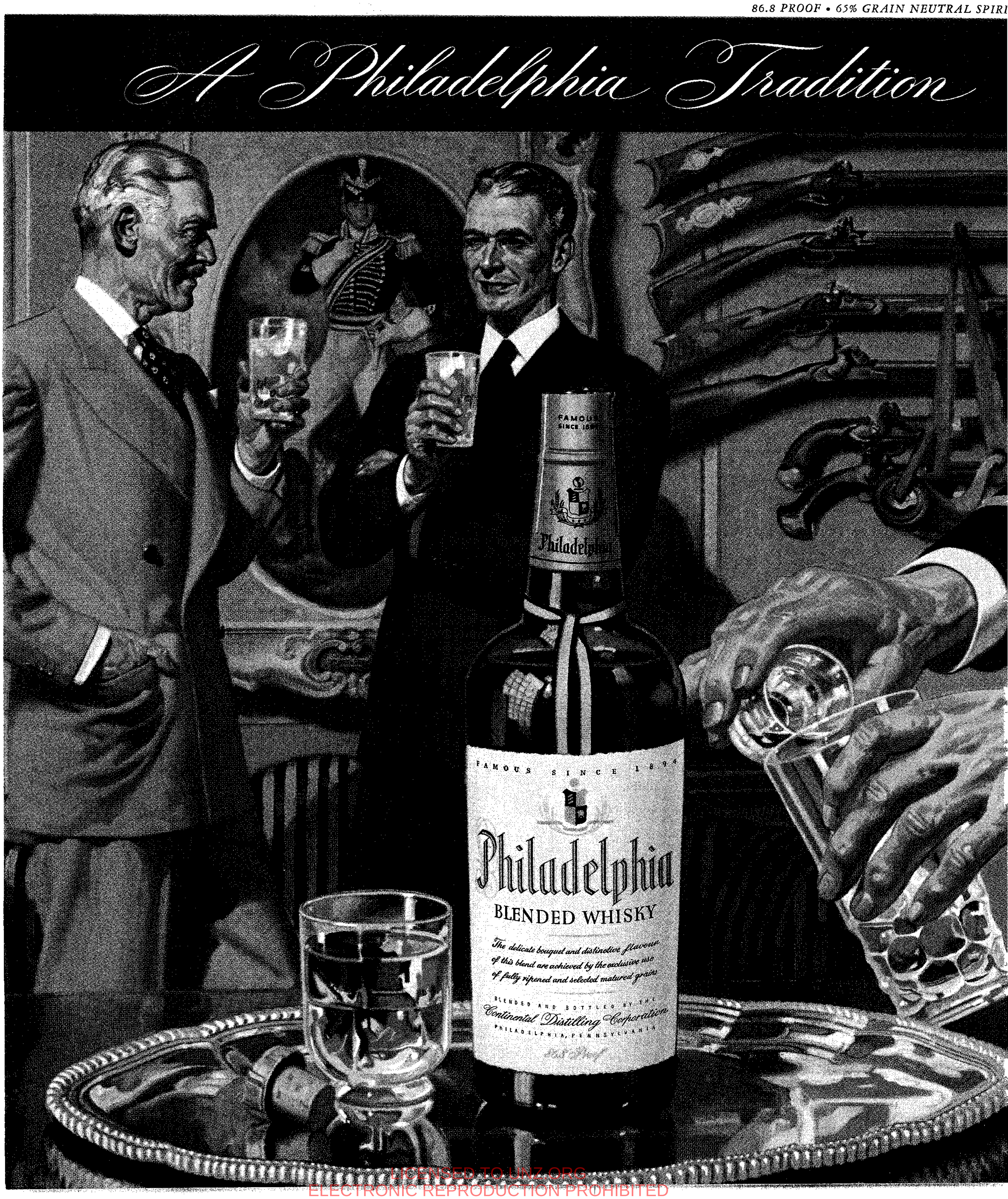
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what you get from them is a feeling of absolute assurance in the artist, a feeling that he knew exactly what he was doing from the first brush stroke to the last. There are seventeen paintings in the collection, every one recent and all, or almost all, about Maine. In most of them color, form, and drawing flow together in completely harmonious expression of their various themes. Hartley's one fault is a tendency toward too strict simplification, as in his "Prayer on Park Avenue," and his painting becomes a little static in consequence. On the other hand, for such canvases as his silvery "Fish," the two dark sea studies called "Evening Storm, Schoodic, Maine" and "Evening Storm, Schoodic, No. 2," and the really masterly "Ktaadn, Autumn Rain," there is literally nothing to be said but praise.

DON'T miss the collection of French nineteenth-century paintings at the Wildenstein. A benefit show for L'École Libre des Hautes Études at the New School, it is called "From Paris to the Sea, Down the River Seine," and from the Paris studies by Renoir, Pissarro, and others which start it off to the fine little Boudin marines which conclude the journey, it's as lovely and gently nostalgic as the river whose course it traces. . . . At the Valentine there is a set of eleven abstractions by as many Europeans. They range from Braque to Kandinsky and include a fine Jean Hélion, a suave early Juan Gris, and a beautifully blue, boldly dramatic André Masson. —ROBERT M. COATES

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### THE SECRETARY OF WAR DRIVES HOME A POINT

*[An Army memorandum]*

(W340-24-42)
WAR DEPARTMENT
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington
November 1, 1942.

Memorandum
No. W340-24-42

MAILING ADDRESS FOR HEADQUARTERS, SOUTH PACIFIC WING, AAF, AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND, HAMILTON FIELD, CALIFORNIA

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(AG 311.1 (10-9-42) AO-MP-R)

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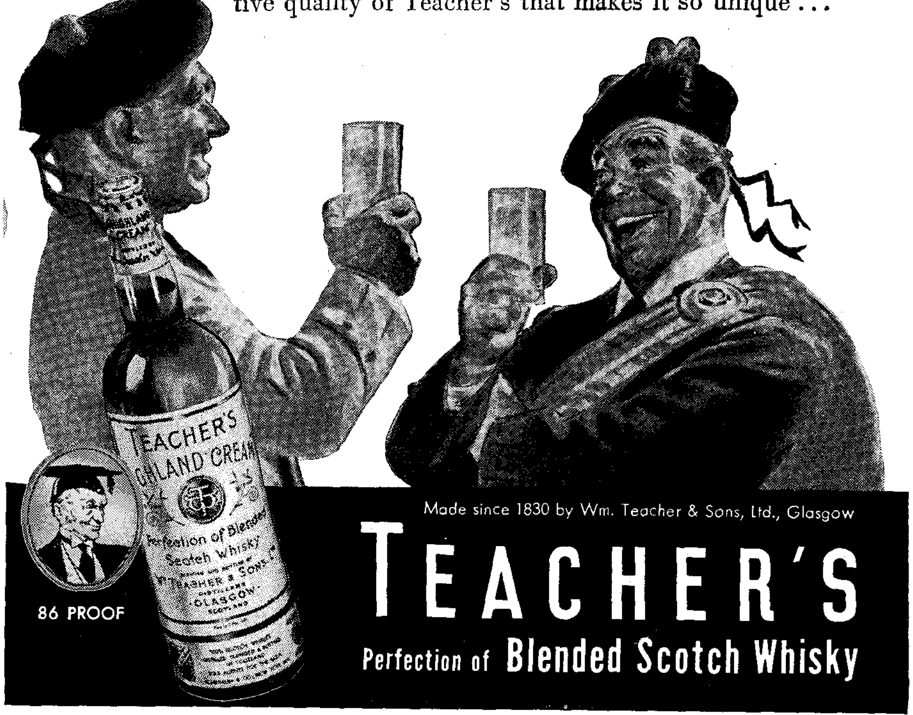

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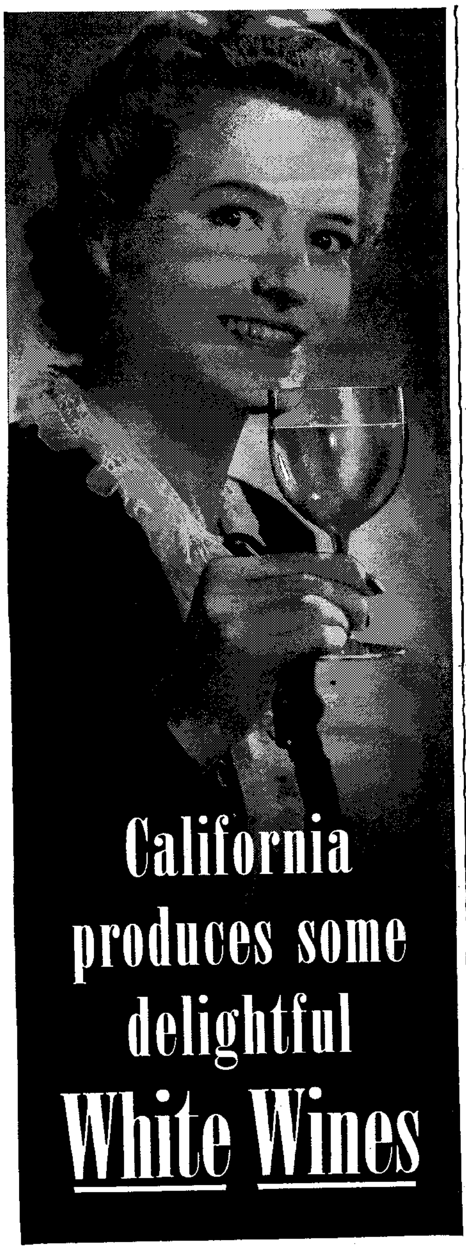
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As you know, such wines are best when served well chilled. Try one that way with luncheon, or with chicken or sea food at dinner. We wine growers believe you'll dine well. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

## LITTLE DUCK

"I'VE had a most emotional day," said Mrs. Bennett to her friend Mrs. Waitman, meeting her at exactly eight-twenty, as arranged, on the near side of the furthest aisle to the left downstairs in Carnegie Hall. "Let's go in and sit down."

Deftly they fitted themselves and their belongings into the narrow seats that were to be theirs for the next two hours—black coats folded in their laps with the fur collars inside, black purses atop, programs right side up, and hats left on because they were really so very small, hardly anything more than iridescent skull caps, and soft gloves left on.

"*My* day, too, was—" Mrs. Waitman began comfortably, but Mrs. Bennett interrupted.

"Too bad. You remember Marie?"

"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Waitman said. "Marie who?"

"Oh yes you do. Marie, Tommy's nurse. That little thing with yellow hair like a duck I got from the agency last spring—a rather helpless, tender young duck, I've always thought. Now, do let me tell you about it, because I'm still trembling. And she isn't tender at all."

Mrs. Waitman made acquiescent noises and abandoned her mild intention of finding out if her program had anything unusual to say about the Brahms first.

"It was about ten o'clock this morning," Mrs. Bennett went on, "and I had merely asked her *not* to use Tommy's facecloth for cleaning out the tub after his bath, and she burst into a flood of tears and accused me of picking on her! I said, 'My dear child, *pick*ing on you?' We were in Tommy's room at the time, where it was at least a hundred and two degrees because he has a slight throat, and the croup kettle was huff-puffing on the floor and Marie was sobbing away at me through her gauze mask. Dr. Smock is awfully insistent about masks when the children have colds, you know. . . . Didn't you? Oh, yes. And I had mine on, too, because I was reading to him—one of the Hollow Tree books. I said, 'Does Annie think I pick on *her?* Because I assure you,' I said, 'I treat you exactly alike.' Well, she cried and cried, with her elbows on the high bureau, and between gulps said she wasn't happy at *all,* she was leaving, she felt trapped taking care of a small child, none of her nurse friends work near us on Sixty-seventh, Annie was no fun, and what with the blackout she had to come home early on her afternoons off because she was *scared,* and, oh, one thing and another and on and on. When she'd finally calmed down a bit, I started to talk to her quite logically."

Mrs. Waitman said, "Oh, that never pays."

"Quite logically," Mrs. Bennett repeated, "but she just began working up again to more of those awful, rending sobs, and by now the croup kettle on the floor was throbbing so that the room rocked, the walls were streaming, and Tommy in bed began harrying at me about getting on with the Hollow Tree book, so I said would it make it any pleasanter if she took *all* day Wednesday off instead of just the afternoon, so she could see her friends longer, and have her alternate Sundays as well? That seemed to please her some, though she said she didn't know, and she was still dripping through the gauze, so I said what about an occasional *weekend* off, and that from now on she could sit in the library and use our radio evenings we're out, and would she like my blue tweed suit, which would be all right for her except maybe just in the hips? Well, little by little she quieted down and I believe she means to stay."

"Oh, good!" said Mrs. Waitman cordially.

"*But,*" said Mrs. Bennett, turning to look her friend in the face, "we happened to talk a minute or two longer, and d'you know why she was crying? Not about anything she had complained of at all. Simply because a young man she knows has gone into the Army without calling her up to say goodbye. He has web feet and she *never* thought they'd take him—sh-h-h, here comes *Koussevitzky!*"

Mrs. Waitman's already large eyes grew enormous, and though she too was watching the graceful approach to the podium, she gasped, "You mean all those concessions you made her had no connection with what she was crying about?"

Mrs. Bennett nodded. "No connection. But I'm hooked for them just the same. And it wasn't," she whispered, hissing, leaning nearer her friend because the baton was already in the air for the first, quick downbeat of the Brahms first, "it wasn't even the one she was in love with in October!"

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

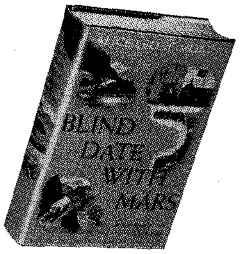
•

### PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*Definition from "Usage and Abusage," by Eric Partridge*]

make the world safe for democracy, to (*American, obsolete*)

Up the Burma Road with Chanel No. 5 and shoes by Bendel...



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who found that NO NICE GIRL SWEARS and who now has a
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# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE TIME BETWEEN, by Gale Wilhelm. The love story of a young American aviator home for ten days' leave after recovering from wounds received in action. Miss Wilhelm writes with penetrating understanding of suffering and happiness, with a very real gift for characterization, and with warm, friendly humor, which informs even some of her most heartbreaking pages. In the face of so much talent, certain confusing affectations of technique are all the more exasperating. Just let Miss Wilhelm forget all about Katherine Mansfield and there is no telling what fine work she may give us.

TURN OF THE DIAL, by Chard Powers Smith. An idealistic American newspaper editor establishes his home town's first broadcasting station just as the war begins. The story jogs on to the present, with the neighbors sitting around listening to the radio and the editor fretting over the mixture of toothpaste and world catastrophe on his programs. The radio station finally becomes a coöperative affair, with the rosy promise of no more toothpaste. Lengthy excerpts from three of the President's best speeches do what they can to help the book along.

THE YEAR OF AUGUST, by Mark Saxton. Might be described as a political thriller, an American cousin to J. B. Priestley's "Black-out in Gretley." A plot by a group of Roosevelt-haters to convert us into a Fascist state is foiled by a sturdy young fellow who is given to Douglas Fairbanks exploits and considerable sermonizing on the nature of true democracy. Some improbabilities, but also some tense moments, and a good deal of insight into what the war is about.

### GENERAL

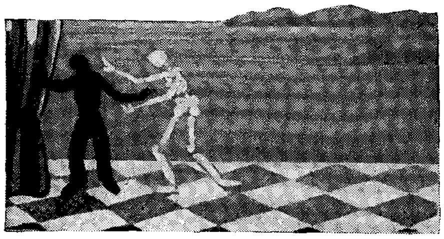
THE AMERICAN LEONARDO, by Carleton Mabee. Rather a fulsome title for a life of Samuel F. B. Morse, though it does help to suggest Morse's odd versatility as painter, traveller, nativist politician, businessman (of sorts), and leader in the development of the electromagnetic telegraph in the United States. A sound biography, urbane and agreeably handled, but also slightly indulgent. Introduction by Allan Nevins. Illustrated.

JULES VERNE, by George H. Waltz,

THE GORY GAZETTE

Tradition has established (for some overpowering reason which we've forgotten) that Inner Sanctum Mysteries should be published on the second Friday of each month. Therefore, *The Smell of Money* by MATTHEW HEAD makes its bow on February 12th. When he heard this, the author pointed out that since this was also Lincoln's Birthday, we were practically sabotaging sales in his part of the country.

MR. HEAD, you see, spends most of his time South of a certain well known line, where he teaches art and architecture in one of our more conservative universities. His first book, we hasten to add, is a murder story which has no connection whatsoever with any ivory tower. In fact, the author has a nasty suspicion that *The Smell of Money* may shock the pants off some of his gray-bearded associates and blast him right off the campus. After all, even the editors of Inner Sanctum Mysteries—hardened crime veterans—blanched when we read the manuscript.

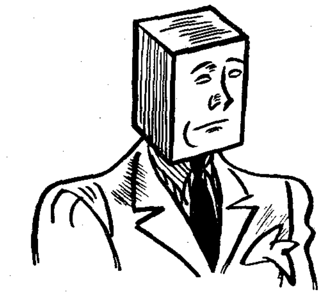


Right at the start of *The Smell of Money* the author himself warns the reader. He writes:

"I've got to say this is not a pretty story, before you get started on it. If you can't make allowances for people, and mighty liberal allowances too, this isn't your kind of story, so drop it. The real thing that will bother you, if you are easily bothered, is that all this sinning isn't on a majestic scale, like a Greek tragedy, but is all a little bit shoddy. If it's grandeur and all that kind of thing that you're after, you want Sophocles, not me."

The Gory Gazette, being reasonably certain that it isn't Sophocles *you're* after, and insultingly candid in its belief that you, like itself, revel in lust and avarice and the other sinister emotions, enthusiastically urges you to read

THE SMELL OF MONEY
By Matthew Head
AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00
PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER



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Jr. The author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" appears to be a natural for biographers. This story of his life, though possibly not quite up to the study by Kenneth Allott, published a couple of years ago, is a fascinating job, particularly in its account of the influence of Verne's imagination on later writers. Illustrated.

BLIND DATE WITH MARS, by Alice-Leone Moats. A *Collier's* correspondent, best described as irrepressible, details her wanderings through the Far East, Russia, and the Middle East between August, 1940, and March, 1942. Flip, amusing, and nicely perceptive, too, but it does make the war sound as if it were all oysters with the ambassador.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS, by John MacCormac. This book is the result of Mr. MacCormac's experience as a lecturer in the Army's Orientation Course. It is an attempt to explain in simple terms what we are fighting against and what we are fighting for. A powerful summary, marred by the author's too persistent hammering on the idea that isolationists are only a little less execrable than the Germans and the Japanese.

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS OF MODERN AMERICA, with an introduction by Monroe Wheeler. Twenty-eight contemporary artists set forth their professional credos in a series of autobiographical essays which prove that many artists, when they put their minds to it, can write with surprising vividness and forthrightness. Liberally illustrated with examples of the contributors' work.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

BURY ME NOT, by William Francis. Anthony Martin, West Coast private detective, is hired by Laurence Stillman to guard the body of his uncle, Able Stillman, who left strict orders before he died that he did not want to be buried. Able's body is snatched, and Martin has a fine time drinking and hobnobbing with the relatives. Macabre story and inclined to be vulgar, but hilarious in spots.

•

The Arthur L. Manchees of Satterthwaite avenue will have their daughter Cynthia with them for 8 P.M. The first Epistle of Cynthia arrived yesterday from the Knox School, Cooperstown, N. Y.—*Nutley (N.J.) Sun.*

Just getting in under the wire.

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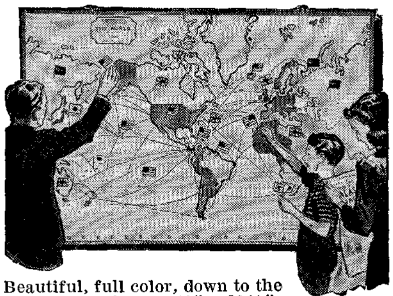

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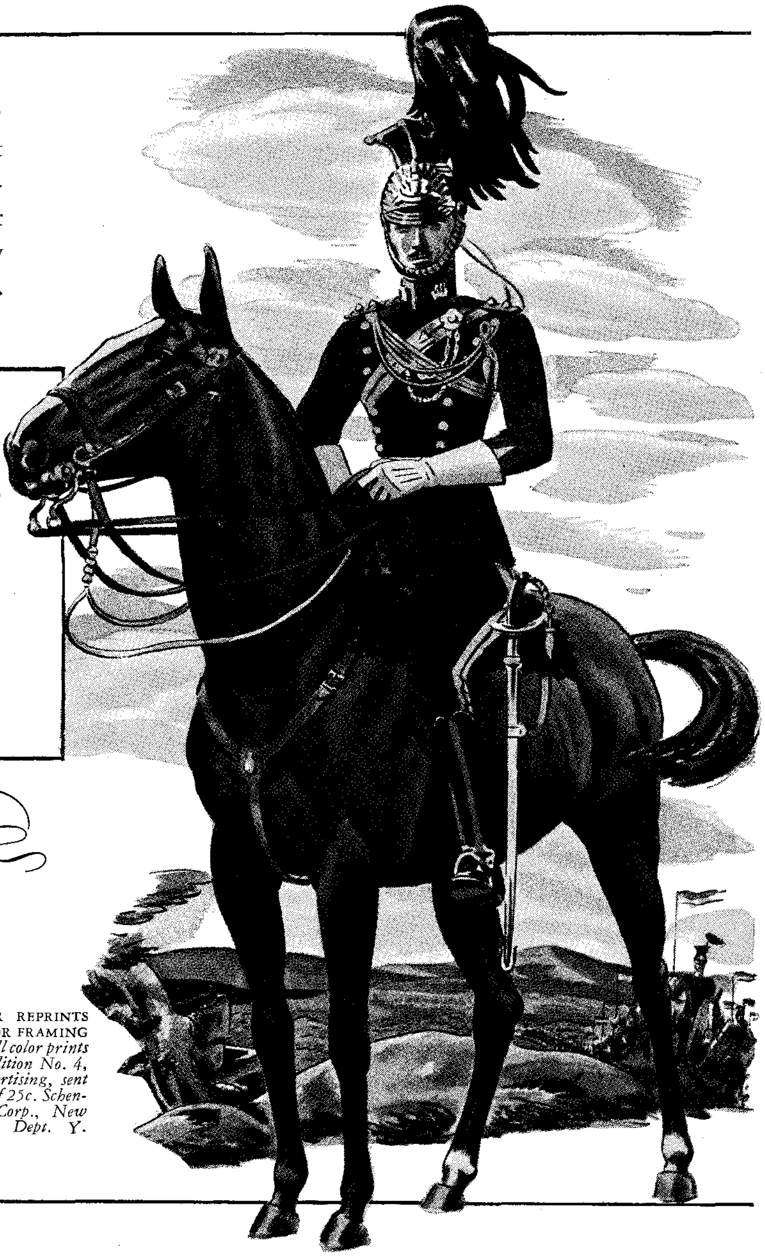

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Women in the
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**She's "in the service"—
even to her choice
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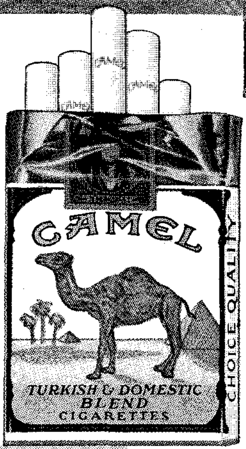
Camels, of course!**

● The Pan American Airways' captain eases his Clipper down. Through the cockpit window he sees a little girl behind the big flags guiding him to the ramp. She's Patricia Garner, and proud of her job for a lot of reasons... including the fact that by taking it a man was released for fighting service. Behind those flags in her hands there's a flag in her heart . . . the Stars and Stripes she's serving by working at a war job. A *man's* job!—but she's the *real* All-American Girl, 1942 model.

● Off duty—and "on the beam" ...for an afternoon's fun. On the "smoking beam," too! Pat *may not know a thing* about the rare care with which Camel's costlier tobaccos are chosen and blended, but she does know that Camels are "the most delightful cigarettes I ever smoked." And does her escort agree? You bet! Camels are the favorite with men in the Navy and in the Army, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, too.*



● Very appropriately, Pat and her Camel cigarette are snap-shotted in front of the globe. Because nowadays "the sun never sets on Camels" . . . they're first in the service* the world over. As Pat says: "Camels have a flavor like no other cigarette. So mild, too, that my throat stays happy."

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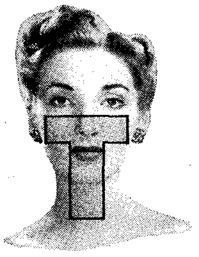

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***The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)**

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